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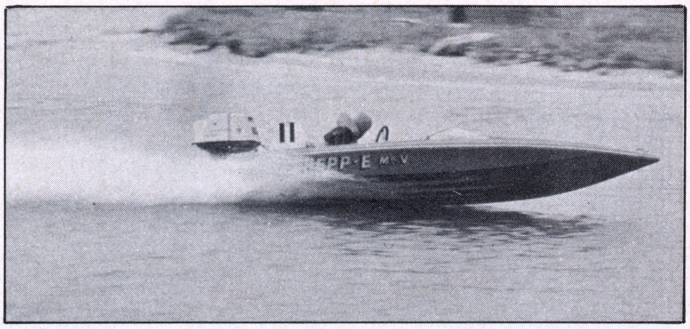
April 1972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CRITICS

Books: *Arthur Pottersman* **Films:** *David Quinlan* **Discs:** *Peter Hopkin* **Nightlife:** *Kenneth Dowd* 14

Editor **Kenneth Bound**/Art Director **Jim Bunker**/Features Editor **John Mackay**/Production Editor **Tom Keene**/Photography **Clive McLean** and **Ed Alexander**/Books **Arthur Pottersman**/Films **David Quinlan**/Clubs **Kenneth Dowd**/Records **Peter Hopkin**/Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/ Advertisement Director **Brian Giddings**/published by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2/Distributed by Continental Publishers and Distributors, 4 Regent Place, W1/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Ltd./Printed by Beric Press Ltd., Crawley, Sussex, England/

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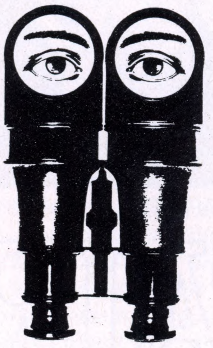


Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

Proudly we announce another Mayfair milestone. The new ABC figures for circulations have just been announced and amid the gloom of falling national newspaper sales, the highest-ever Mayfair figure beams out. The average sale for the past six months is 183,614, an increase of nearly twenty thousand per month over the previous figure.

What does it mean? It means that Mayfair is seen and bought by more and more men each month and that once they buy they stick with us. That is the key, of course, to a successful publication. It is relatively easy to change your format and pick up new readers. But if you do that it is often difficult to hold your original readers. We seem to have done both, thanks to an unswervingly loyal readership.

This month to celebrate our new success we have put more colour into the magazine. This is keeping a promise made long ago; namely that Mayfair would never become 'full of advertisements' to the detriment of the editorial pages. As more advertising comes in so we take more colour pages into the magazine.

We are often asked why we don't raise the price of the magazine. Readers seem constantly astonished at our stability when every other man's magazine has rocketed its price. Perhaps, deep down, we are regrettably old-fashioned. We are rather proud of the fact that in spite of the forest-fire of inflation that has hit paper and printing and practically everything else in the last five years we have held the price of Mayfair at the same 30p of five years ago. It is probably unique in publishing. We are just rather loath to raise the price after all this time. And anyway, what with Rolls Royce in difficulties and Aston Martins changing hands, there doesn't seem much worth spending it on these days . . .

Listening to MP Maurice Edelman the other day talking about the late Lord Sieff, founder of Marks and Spencers, we found a sympathetic note. Asked if Lord Sieff followed the dictum of the customer being always right, Edelman said, no, but he did believe that the customer was a reasonable man. That one phrase shows the whole wide gulf between a successful business enterprise and the stores we all know so well where a customer is an intrusion into a private conversation between shop assistants. Come to think of it, it's very similar to our own attitude. We have always believed the reader is a reasonable man. That's why it always amuses us to look at rave-and-rant magazines who treat their readers as a captive audience to be harangued and insulted. As habitués of Hyde Park's speakers' corner will know, under those circumstances the audience is inclined to give a two-fingered salute and march smartly away.

For readers who like to keep an eye on developments in the build - your - own - run - about market, a new name to note: Parabug, a buggy kit from an Aberdeen company.

Basically, the kit transforms a Volkswagen beetle chassis and engine into a personalised fun-mobile within, so the makers claim, fifty hours. The kit comes in three forms – the basic fibreglass shell at £165, a more sophisticated version at £245 and one with all the extras at £365.

It first went on show at the Custom Car Show at London's Crystal Palace recently. Anyone wishing to know more should phone 0224-56121.

Which reminds us. Next month's Mayfair will contain a special feature on all the ins-and-outs of building your own, wait for it . . . Lotus 2S. Be sure not to miss it.

We'd like to give Flash a pat on the . . . er . . . back for the way they've livened up the record sleeve scene – our picture below shows just how they've got to the bottom of jacket appeal. Panties are great – whether they're hanging on the line or draped across the taut cheeks of a high street swinger. We defy any man, leafing through a record collection at home or in the shops, to ignore such a lush temptation to spread the sleeve for further inspection. The record, too, is worth more than a cursory glance at the title numbers. It's smooth, polished rock that's certainly in keeping with such a cheeky jacket.

Selling with a glimpse; the record sleeve guaranteed to grab your attention as quick as a flash.

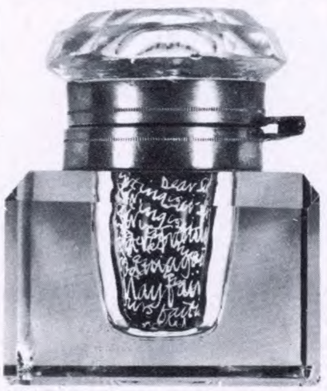
A few years ago Scientology was the subject of rumour, speculation and wild distortion as the uninformed set out on a witch-hunt of persecution. Mayfair, on the other hand, let William Burroughs investigate the movement and later published his reports together with an open letter to the founder L. Ron Hubbard. It is always gratifying to be proved right and the recent publication of the Foster Enquiry report completely justified the calm, balanced attitude we adopted towards the phenomenon.

With pulled-out pages to prove it, a Stamford reader points out that even such a workaday publication as the *Hardware Trade Journal* is coming on strong these days with negligée-clad dollies promoting see-through packaging. While that's going on, psychedelic women in reclining leather chairs are doing their very best on another page to show what a good idea coloured metal containers have become. Since when have coloured metal containers been the latest and best in erotic hand-packs? You may well ask. All we'd like to add is that things seem to be brightening up beside the six-inch nails and the pots and pans. Talk about instant hardener!

Apart from the more obvious perks of working for a magazine like Mayfair, occasionally some real windfalls come into the line of duty. One of these was the so-called task of chatting to Yvette (our centre girl this month) to glean enough background information for our picture spread.

The staff writer who handled the story came off the phone in a daze and promptly muttered something about the drinks being on him as he led us off to the local where he raved about the chick he'd just been talking to. Beauty isn't something you merely look at – it's also something that comes out of an inanimate plastic object that links voices together.

LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

I was concerned by B. D's account (Vol. 6 No. 6) of how he was conned in a Soho strip joint and think my experience last night may cheer him up.

I went to my favourite dive which for ten years has led them all in erotic daring and still charges a modest entrance fee. One act started as a dual with a delicious little coloured girl and a tall, willowy blonde. Each quickly removed the other's only garment and it seemed as if some smoochy lesbianism was about to commence when, in response to their calls, a third and then a fourth girl joined them. One wore only a pair of trousers which were promptly stripped off her; the other came on completely naked. A glorious free-for-all then started on the floor of the stage, in which each girl's object was to display what the others had and, incidentally, to reveal everything she had herself.

The effect was electrifying and if I had been able to photograph it, not even Mayfair could have published it. Did I have a good view? Some of the most frenzied contortions by these writhing beauties were caused by my tickling the soles of their feet as they rolled about in front of me!

J. S., SW1 (name and address withheld)

I was out for a walk on the South Downs last week when I saw ahead of me a dolly young bird in a red PVC cape and white thigh boots. My dog provided the obvious conversational gambit and soon we were walking together. It transpired she was a teacher from a nearby training college and her home was somewhere 'up north'. She didn't have to add that she was lonely, bored and miserable – it showed all too plainly.

We came to a large concrete tank set in the ground with a concrete lid that made an ideal seat. We sat there talking for a few moments as my dog played around a nearby clump of bushes. Gradually the light faded and conversation faded too.

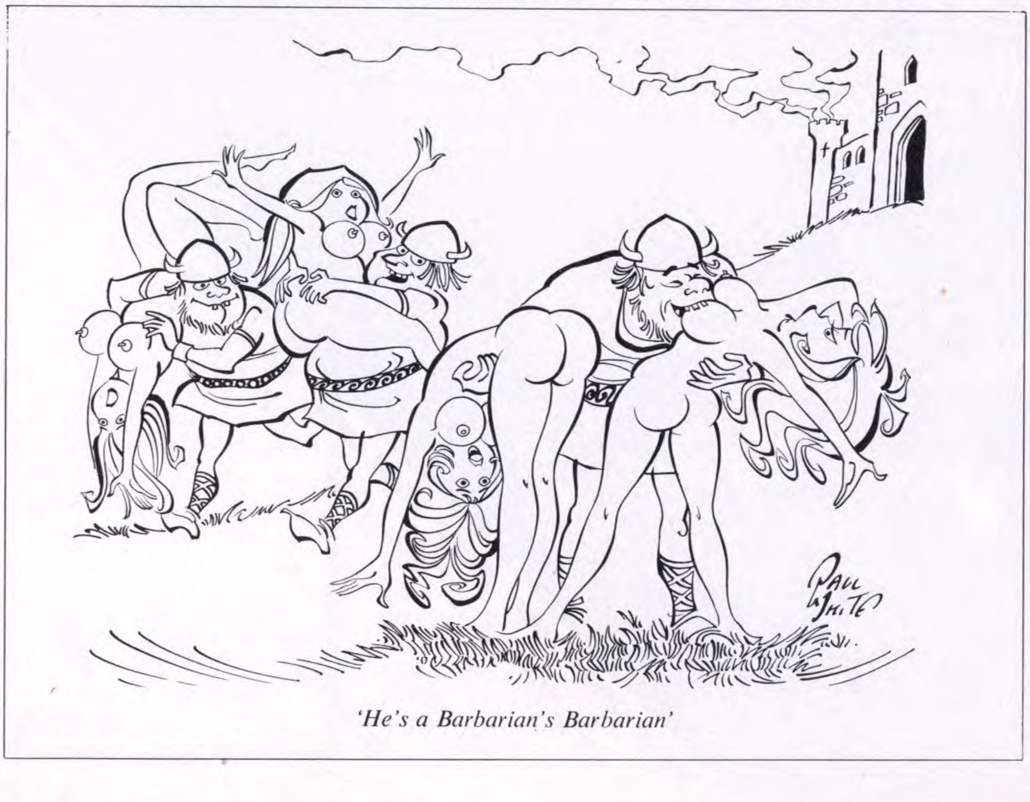
I placed my hand on her thigh and turned her face towards me. We kissed deeply and my hand darted beneath the stiff surface of her cape. I tugged open her blouse and thrust my hand against her warm, pliant breast. She moaned against my teeth as her nipple hardened and then reached within her own clothing to tug her knickers down and out of the way. Then I dropped down on top of her and took her, hard, against the concrete. When we'd finished she didn't say a word. She dressed immediately and then began walking away, refusing to turn round when I called her.

T.H., Hove, Sussex (full name and address withheld on request)

Your record columnist, Peter Hopkin, seems to be (1) in the wrong column and (2) out of his depth.

I would suggest that his description of the Barclay James Harvest LP (Vol. 7 No. 2) would be more acceptable at the local poetic society (complete with flowery tie and gold lamé knickers!). His beautifully broad statement that 'there never was and never will be another guitarist to touch Jimi Hendrix' would indicate that he has a very limited knowledge, is probably still a teenie-bopper and as such has no place in a man's magazine. Apart from this column, yet another great issue!

Chris Joslin, The Drive, Wallington, Surrey



'He's a Barbarian's Barbarian'

Your current Quest series concerning girls who take the lead where sex is concerned, makes fascinating reading and also brings back to mind a well-remembered and most unexpected experience of mine. This occurred some four years ago while I was hospitalised near the camp where I was stationed. The four nurses on my ward were young, reasonably attractive and certainly were most proficient. Their ministrations were carried out firmly but with understanding, ever watched over by the all-seeing eye of the equally friendly but somewhat aloof ward sister. This nurse, the ward sister, was obviously not the harridan that she was reputed to be – the young nurses got away with addressing her by her Christian name, Sandra.

To my surprise, on the day of my discharge, the nurses handed me an admission ticket to their mid-summer dance to be held in about two weeks time. With their pleas for my attendance ringing in my ears, I left the hospital. I duly returned on the appointed day, parked my car and made my way to the nursing school where the dance was held. There I met my four former nurses and danced a few numbers with each. There was not an over-abundance of males present and I was in demand for almost the first hour, so it was with some relief that I finally found myself alone at the small bar. I downed a well-earned lager and was about to treat the second in the same way when a voice behind me said 'Hello, Peter, aren't you going to ask me to dance too?'

It turned out to be my ward sister Sandra. But not the Sandra of my remembrance! This one had long dark hair falling in soft curves to her shoulders, a saucy smile on her red lips and a knitted dress which hugged and emphasised the curves of breasts and hips. At first I hardly knew her, but she smiled at my open mouth and led me with a firm hand to the dance floor. The next hour – or was it a year? – passed like a dream, during which her perfume assailed my nostrils, her fingers cavorted around my ear, her breasts frolicked with my shirt front and her pelvis sinuously ground onto mine. I was painfully aware of

turn to page 8

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LETTERS

continued from page 6

my state of sexual desire and started to plan my move, when she whispered that we had better take a walk in the grounds to cool off.

Hand in hand we wandered over the moonlit grass, stopping to kiss and fondle – and that had no cooling effect at all. We came to a small wooden building and Sandra placed her back to it and I stepped into her arms.

As our lips met her tongue flirted with mine and her groin thrust up at me. We strained against each other and when I cupped her breasts through her dress she began to move her crotch up and down on my erection, which was threatening to burst out of my pants. I reached between our bodies and pulled the long zip at the front of her dress, sliding my hands in and round to open her bra, then back again to hold the soft, heavy fruits of her naked breasts and thumb the long, hard nipples. She gasped with pleasure and frantically tore open my zip, brushed my nylon briefs aside and closed her hand around my throbbing erection. I felt that I was close to orgasm and lifted the skirt of her dress. To my delighted surprise she was wearing hold-up nylons and tiny little pants. As I slid the latter item away from her plump buttocks she released her grip on me and held her skirt to her waist.

She lifted her feet so that I could untangle the wisp of nylon from her high heels. When I arose she dropped her skirt and whispered that we better go inside, nodding her head at the door of the wooden hut.

The moonlight peeping through the single window revealed that the hut was a depository for garden equipment, including two sun beds. One of these was already set up and looked very inviting, particularly when Sandra slipped her dress and bra off and spread her body temptingly across it.

She presented a highly erotic picture in her held-up nylons, firm, upward-pointing breasts and beautiful legs at the juncture of which I could just make out that centre of life which every man tries for. My jacket, slacks and briefs joined her dress on the floor and I climbed between her thighs.

It was all over very quickly, due to our highly charged state. We both achieved a resounding, if not simultaneous orgasm. As we lay panting in each other's arms I realised I had taken no precautions and mentioned this. Sandra laughed softly. 'Silly, I'm a nurse, remember? We can take care of ourselves as well as our patients.' We stayed in the hut for another hour or so, quenching our desire again, this time with Sandra straddling me as I lay under her bouncing buttocks, holding her pendulous, swaying breasts. We went out together for a few months until I was posted away. As I got to know her better, she confessed that on that first night, when I first turned from the bar at the sound of her voice, when she first noted the surprise on my face, she had decided that we would visit the hut and that we would have intercourse. She gaily laughed and further confessed that she had deliberately worked me up into a state of sexual desire on the dance floor, to ensure that what developed was more certain. Needless to say, that night the springs of the sun bed in the little hut took a memorable pounding.

I hope that one day in the not too distant future, I'm posted back to that unit. I know a nice little hut and a mature woman who is not afraid to state her desires in the nicest possible way.

P. R., Coningsby, Lincs. (Full name and address withheld on request)

Having recently become a regular reader of this publication, I am often amused and amazed by some of the letters. I would now like to relate an experience I had on a train recently, which I can assure you actually did happen. I am a student at a London art college and was returning to London. I sat down and exchanged pleasantries with a not-unattractive redhead in her early thirties who sat next to me by the window. Opening my Mayfair on the table in front of me, I began to flick through the pages. After a few minutes I felt first her shifting uncomfortably and slightly towards me and then the pressure of her knee lightly

turn to page 10

The terrors of the pre-wedding ritual can put off any man, says Desmond King

I'M GETTING MARRIED...

'But why a Sunday?'
and for the ninety-ninth time I patiently tried to explain to my prospective mother-in-law that the best man is an actor, you see, and that Saturday is not a very good day for him, you see, a matinee, you see, and work comes first, you see and anyway – why the *hell* not a Sunday?

'Oh – I see . . . '
but disbelief is writ large in the eye and ever-so-slightly-down-turned mouth. I mean to say – it's unnatural, isn't it? I mean to say – a Sunday . . .

'So your cousin Jack's coming, is he?'
Pursed lips and arms tight-folded to keep in another family feud. The air is charged with all the bitterness that only the most ludicrous of misunderstandings can engender . . . poor old Jacko was half pissed out of his head anyway . . . not as though he had done it deliberately . . . Christ Almighty . . . who would have thought that anyone could get so worked up about a rubber plant, anyway . . .

'Now you'll want the choir, of course. A wonderful choir, ours. Oh yes. Pure, clean young voices. Our little band of angels, we call them . . .
and as I understand, Vicar, known and feared by the rest of the parish as the Barrow Street Mob (next appearance: the local court a week on Tuesday).

'And bells, of course. You must have the bells. Pealing out the good news to God in His Heaven.'
Which means Captain Bernard McDougal (Retd.) who has shares in Watney Mann – they won't go broke – and his seven good men and true, minus the odd arm here and there. Tone deaf, the lot of them.

'Drinks. Ah. Drinks. Ah.'
An incredible display, this, complete with twirling moustache and monacle. From the way he was saying 'Drinks' you would think that he was a sensitive dentist rather than a wine-merchant.

'Nothing too elaborate'
I venture cautiously – eager to make clear that this is not, despite whatever gossip is going the rounds, a 'do' in the proper sense of the word.

'Don't want the Krug '58, for example'
I shoot in to show him that I'm not an Asti Spumante man . . . Christ, I do know the difference between a grape and a *grape,* for God's sake . . .

'They didn't produce in '58.'
Monocle off and severe polishing.

'Oh.'

'No.' Monocle on and fixed gaze.

'Got a jolly little number here, mark you.'
He beams, cobra-like at the moment of truth.

'Suit you a treat, I'll be bound.'
And with a flourish –
'Asti Spumante' and evily – *'71'*

'But I look like a Jewish band-leader'
I protest, black-velvet self-consciousness in the mirror.

'You should be so lucky'
mutters Terry (Menswear) sweeping past and snatching the trembling fivers from my grasp. I keep stum – we've already had one nasty confrontation up my inside leg.
Suzie saves the day:

'You look really sexy'
she said. She was right, of course.

'Now look, lad'
Her father and I held fast in a mental hammer-lock down at the Fiddlers Three. I took the hint and ordered two *more* pints.

'Ta'
he said and then sneezed loudly and uncontrollably many times. I was impressed. Beer went everywhere.

'Now look, lad'
he began again

'I won't say much but what I will say I'll thank you to remember.'
I waited, concentrating with great determination.

'Where e're you be let your wind go free, for holding the wind was the death of me'
he intoned. Upon completion of the couplet, there was a protracted silence, broken at last by the longest and loudest fart I have ever heard. The saloon bar of the Fiddlers Three fell quiet. Her father looked me straight in the eyes and said solemnly:

'Now think on.'
And the cars, and the photographer, and the flowers and the cake . . .

'Do you love me?'
I say. Our last night together before we get married. She snores indifferently and turns selfishly in her six-eighths of the bed.

'Do you love me?'
I say again. Outside dogs howl and shadows come leering in at the window.

'DO YOU LOVE ME?'
I shout, waking her up at last.

'No' she says

'You're a bastard and you've just woken me up.'

'I'm getting married in the morning'
I say.

'So am I'
she says.

'Go back to sleep.'
We'll be OK . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE ANDERSON

CATCH ME WHILE I'M STILL WARM

I'm Stephanie. You missed me in Vol. 4 No. 8. Now I'm part of a bargain offer. Those Mayfair people are offering you five back issues for just £1.50p – and that includes a bumper 100 page anniversary issue that normally costs 42p. You'll get Mayfair Vol. 4 Nos. 5, 8, 11 and 12 and Vol. 5 No. 2 – and that's a whole bundle of features, informers, cartoons and fiction. There are illustrations by Ronald Cobb, a feature on the construction of the St. Gotthard tunnel and a provoking article from William Burroughs. Also reels of film stills from those sexy movies, humour from our inimitable Edward Knox and a picture or two of Alison, Barbara, Sharon, Madeline, Caroline, Amber, Prudence, Sally, Nicola, Brigitte, Nell, Jenny, Coral, Jackie, Juliet, Laura, Jane and Connie – and me. There's lots, lots more of me in Mayfair's pages

Back issues of Quest, our intimate personal survey:

Vol. 3 No. 11 Sex at first meeting 45p; Vol. 4 Nos. 3 Petting one 38p; 5 Petting three 38p; 6 Petting four 38p; 7 Stockings 38p; 8 Breast fixation 38p; 11 Girls' erotic signals 38p; 12 Getting to know girls 50p; Vol. 5 Nos. 2 The erotic virgins 38p; 3 Girls with large breasts 38p; 4 Girls' bottoms 38p; 5 Girls' secret nudity 38p; 6 What girls think of permissive pictures 38p; 7 Which men girls prefer 38p; 8 Bedroom manners 38p; 9 Girls who give themselves 38p; 10 What really turns girls on 38p; 11 Men who have it made 38p; 12 Girls who surrender to strangers 50p; Vol. 6 Nos. 1 Girls at parties 38p; 2 Girls in offices 38p; 3 Girls in shops 38p; 4 Girls in hotels part one 38p; 5 Girls in hotels part two 38p; 6 Girls on holiday part one 38p; 7 Girls on holiday part two 38p; 8 Girls on holiday part three 38p; 9 Girls on holiday – camping 38p; 10 Women and sex toys part one 38p; 11 Sex toys part two 38p; 12 Sex toys part three 50p; Vol. 7 Nos. 1 Girls who take the lead 38p; 2 Girls who take the lead part two 38p; 3 Girls who take the lead part three 38p.

Please send me your bargain offer and/or these Quest back issues. (Delete if inappropriate)
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To avoid cutting your issue, order on plain paper
M74

LETTERS

continued from page 8

against mine. I was so engrossed in one of the full-frontal spreads, I'd hardly noticed. Then her hand touched my leg, as if by accident to begin with, but more boldly when I made no protest. In a second she had reached my crotch and was squeezing it. I looked at her and she smiled back. Then she unzipped my fly and grabbed my erect penis and began fondling and playing with it in a most delicious manner. Because of my leaning forward position and my bulky raincoat and her rug brilliantly placed between us, no-one could have guessed where her hand was (although there was no-one else in our section of the carriage). She continued to play with me, both of us pretending to be reading intently, until we reached Waterloo, where she squeezed my manhood back inside. She didn't bring me to orgasm at all, ceasing her stroking whenever she felt me on the verge; which is just as well as it could have been messy. As we got up she whispered 'Thank you. You're a big boy, aren't you?' in reply to my mumbled thanks. She refused my attempt to chat her up so that we could continue our exercise elsewhere and soon disappeared in the crowd. I'll never know whether this is a regular escapade for her or whether she was turned on by the Mayfair full-frontals or what, for I have never seen her again. I keep trying, though!
C. R. Eastwood, Andover.

We've had a few lean years, we men. For many months we've had to struggle with the obvious disadvantages of women's tights but not any more. Riding to work one morning by tube I was delighted to see an advertisement for open-crotch tights. Now at last we'll all be happy!
R.K., Streatham, London (full name and address withheld on request)

A reply to a letter by Mr J. F. (Vol. 7 No. 1) – Why are *male* traffic wardens so damn asexual? Just imagine how fabulous it would be if each time we female drivers (watch it, our number is rapidly increasing!) broke one of the rules of the road, a nice handsome young man in slimline uniform and skintight, bell-bottomed trousers was there to hand out the tickets. The women would be queueing up, there'd be smiles on the road again and all would be right with the world . . . wouldn't it?
Instead they're mostly old, scruffy, unkind and mutter something about 'these women drivers, they ought to be banned!'
Elizabeth Curtis, Munster, Germany.

It seems a pity that you cannot put your correspondents in touch with one another, as your reader Miss M.B. of Chichester appears either to have a poor view of the men she has been in contact with sexually, or she has not yet met a living practical example of the Senuous Man.
She is so right that foreplay and loveplay and the sexual and sensual satisfaction of the woman is so important. I often feel ashamed of my own sex that they so seldom consider this but consider only themselves and their own satisfaction.
I am middle-aged. When my marriage broke up 25 years ago, mainly through sex reasons and my wife's dislike of sex, I travelled all over the world, during which time I made an extensive study of the theory of sex and put these theories into practice with girls of every nationality.
Very early on I felt that women needed and wanted – and enjoyed sex as much as men, and I trained myself to give women the satisfaction to which I felt they were entitled. Years of training, and possibly just anno domini, have had the result that I can now hold back, without any effort, my own climax for 1–2 hours during which time, I think – and this is not an idle boast – I can satisfy any woman.
My present girl friend is many years my junior and is a multiple orgasm type and has always needed a very substantial amount of satisfying, usually resulting in her having to masturbate to get satisfaction even after having had long sessions with her former boyfriends. She now does me what I consider is the honour of saying that I completely satisfy her in our 2–3 hour

turn to page 76

No 3 TRANSPLANT UNIT

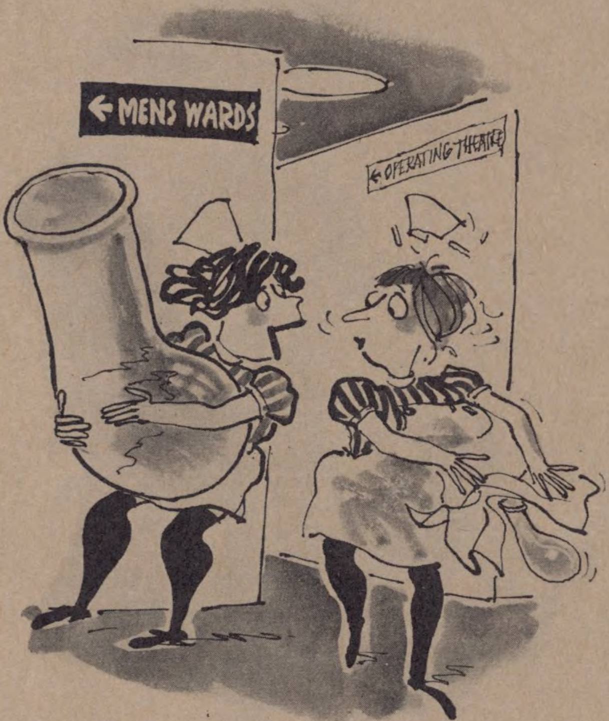
getting it better

Whatever you think of the Health
Service, Roy Raymonde is sure it's still possible
to go and get the full treatment

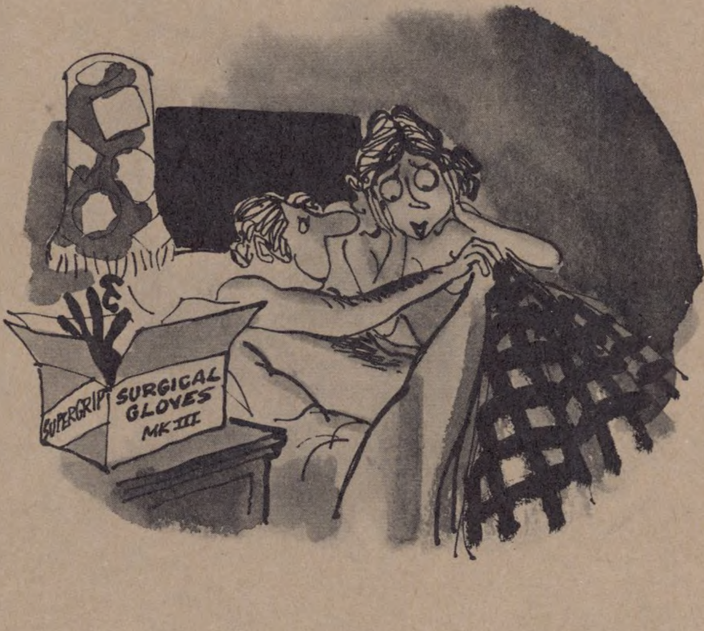
*'You're in luck, Mrs Anstruther –
nymphotherapy happens to be my
speciality!'*

MALE WARDS 1-6
GERIATRIC WAR

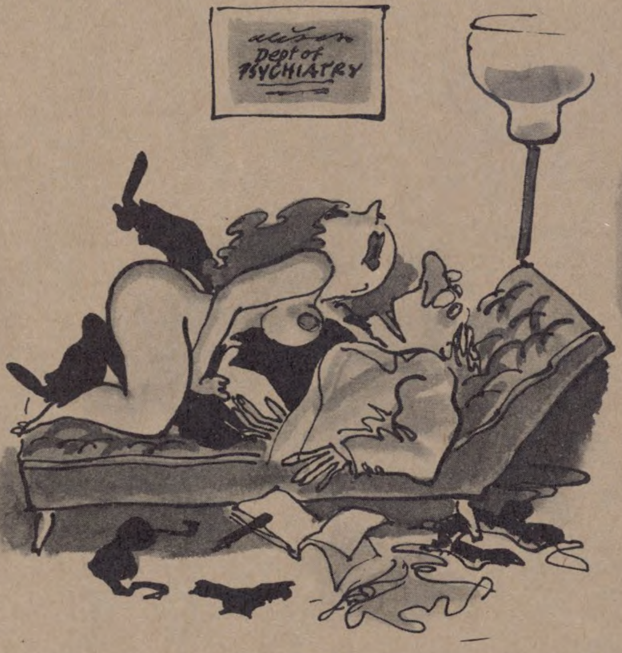
*'You'll soon get used to Dr Donger's methods –
this is one of his "kill or cure" days.'*


← MENS WARDS
← OPERATING THEATRE

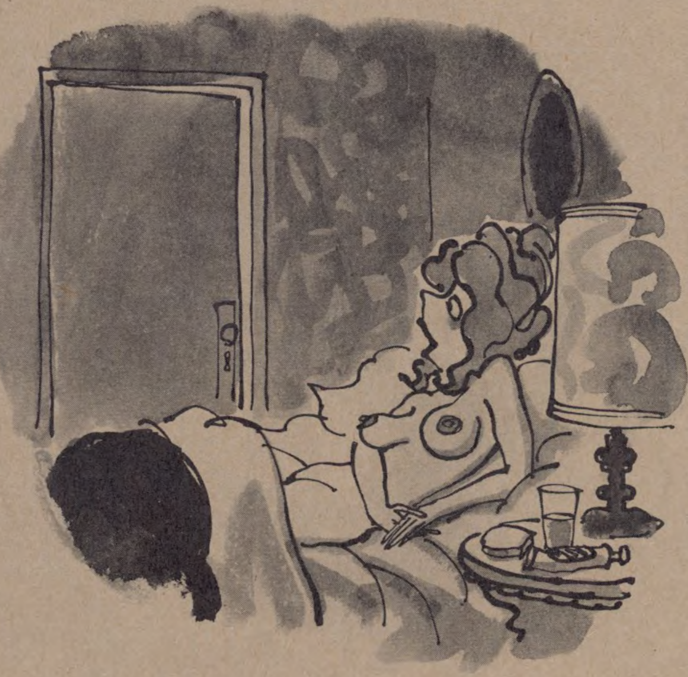
'Don't take my *word for it, Hilda –
come and see for yourself.'*


SUPERGRIP
SURGICAL
GLOVES
MK III

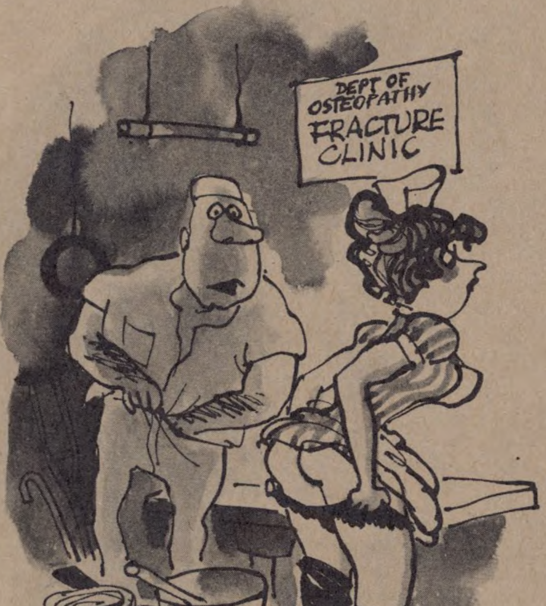
*'For heaven's sake, Harvey! Don't you
medical students take* anything *seriously?'*


Dept of PSYCHIATRY

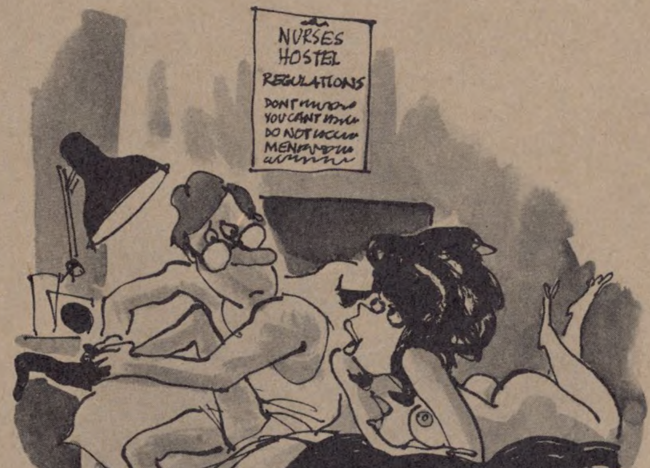
'Don't feel guilty, Mrs Venables – in this room your problems are my problems.'



'But Dennis – how are you going to prove that colonic irrigation's made a new man of you if you have to nip off to the bathroom every two minutes?'


DEPT OF OSTEOPATHY
FRACTURE CLINIC

'Honest injun, Gloria – that dis-location was a complete accident!'


NURSES HOSTEL
REGULATIONS
DONT
YOU CANT
DO NOT
MEN

'You'll go far as an anaesthetist, Rodney – I didn't feel a thing.'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

She was only a photographer's daughter but he took her in a flash . . . Well, it sums up a way of life, doesn't it? The main point being that if anyone gets his oats these permissive days, it must surely be the professional photographer. (And to judge by the pictures in our own *Mayfair*, the oats are well worth it, chaps.) Since novelists reflect a fantasy world that all of us share, Peter Townsend's view of the private parts of a cameraman's life are worth noting – they concern the photographer-hero of his new blood-bed-and-thrills yarn **Zoom!** (Heinemann, £2).

We first meet Philip Quest falling out of bed, staring at a black lace brassiere. Exactly who owns it, we never quite make out, but *make out* is surely the operative phrase, because the black girl and the white one who have been sharing his couch and now his hangover prove more than ready to begin again. Quest returns to the threesome's nocturnal nest after a 7 am swig of whisky, cold shower and shave to be greeted by a black girl with long silver hair and a voice as thick and sweet as molasses.

'She lay with her head resting on the back of one of the blonde girl's scissored thighs, her long silver hair fanned out and glinting like mother of pearl. Her body was the deep purple of a ripe aubergine, and the perfect triangle of hair beneath the concave curve of her stomach was silver too. Philip knelt beside her and kissed her navel. "It's just crazy with a hangover," she warns him, "almost like dying." Her lips moved and her nails dug into his shoulders. "But let's all die together." She rolled across the bed, pulling him with her. The blonde girl stirred and turned over on her back. "You work on Marisa and I'll work on you. And then . . ." Philip smiled, and as his lips closed over the coral tip of Marisa's breast, he felt the sharp pointed teeth begin to nibble at his thigh.'

The silver spade, as she's politely known, turns out to be famous for a trick with her tits and her tongue and her long, long finger. This we learn from the thriller's second hero – a personable film actor who is soon enough eliminated by the bullet-scarred plot, but not before he asks his old pal Quest to help him out of a blackmail jam. Seems the actor has found true love at last – and, glory be, she's a millionaire's daughter. But some old playmates want the actor to let them in on the money, too – or they threaten to show one of his lesser-known film roles to prospective wife and pa-in-law.

'The film showed a featureless room whose only furniture was a bed and a mirror. A naked man lay supine, his wrists and ankles tied to the cornerposts of the bed. Pendulous breasts swinging, a woman wearing a black garter-belt and stockings sat astride him, riding him with her knees doubled under her. A second woman, a false blonde, was climbing on to the bed, one leg and thigh raised as she prepared to lower her buttocks on to the man's face.'

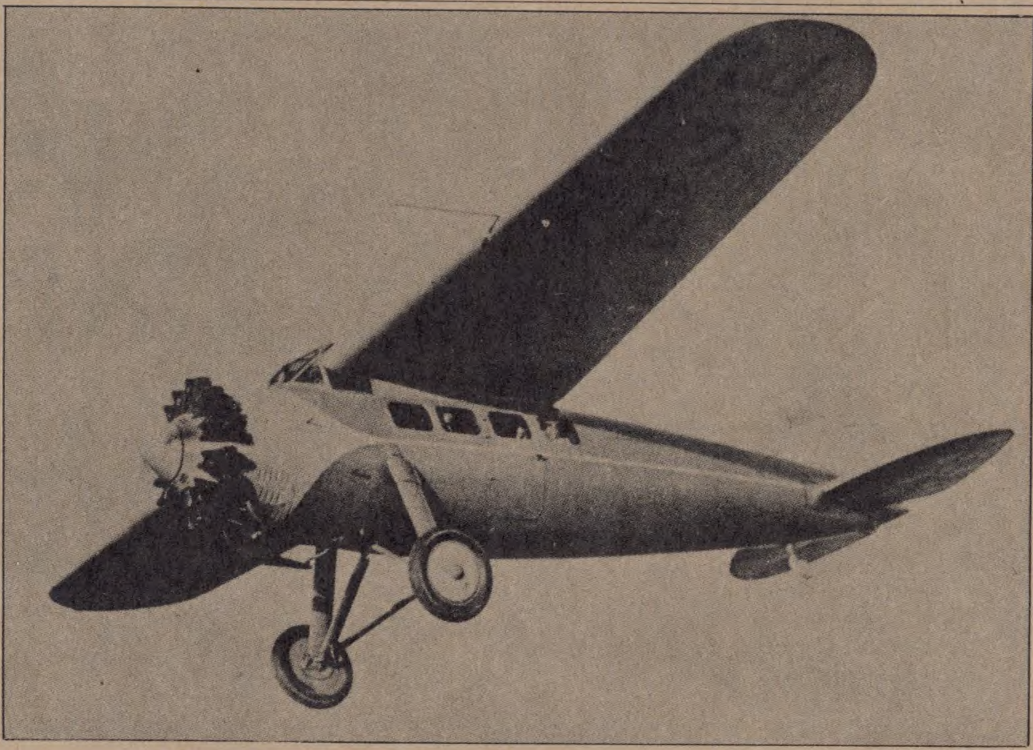
Quest, who finds this film in his dead pal's pocket, soon finds himself with a million-dollar kidnap scene to handle. The dead actor's wicked buddies have got hold of his 'widowed' fiancée, and rich old dad enlists Philip's help in exchanging her back for the green folding stuff. Our photographer hero soon finds himself with a moral dilemma. For a girl that's been keeping him company – he thought, out of love – turns out to have been the baddies' inside operator on the whole blackmail-and-kidnap scene.

Of course, this young woman has her moral dilemmas, too. Not a few hours after helping in the chloroforming and kidnapping of the millionaire's daughter, she's at sea in a boat with Philip – who still thinks her innocent at this stage, and why not? And he sits next to her in the cock-pit (lovely expression under these circumstances), leans forward and runs the tip of his tongue along the inside of her thigh.

What with a guilty conscience and the somewhat inhibiting presence of another boat nearby, she hesitates, even protests as Philip caresses her hips and pulls the bottom half of her bikini away. But only for a moment. 'She dropped to her knees and Philip caught her to him and kissed her on the mouth. He spread her thighs and pulled her astride him. She moaned and bit his tongue. "We're mad," she gasped, reaching down and guiding him into her. "Who cares?" He dug his nails into her buttocks.' The boat rocks crazily to his hard and fast swooping movements, the response of her wildly gyrating hips, and when they topple over in final mutual salutation, Philip thinks there's nothing as beautiful as a beautiful woman who has just made love.

When he discovers the way she's been double-crossing him, Philip's thoughts become the hardest thing about him. But as the plot twists and thickens, and the girl Liz falls out with her baddy colleagues, Philip lets his heart guide him again, or something. There's a rape, and some gory shotgun and harpoon rough stuff, and the villains are done for. Then another pair of desperadoes come into the picture.

In fact, they are the bodyguards employed by the kidnapped girl's millionaire father (remember?), a white pilot and a tough black man called Oscar. The prospect of all that ransom money turns them on, and Oscar wants to know where it is. When Philip declines Oscar's first invitation to divulge, the new villain on the scene discovers a new form of torture. Less than twenty pages to go, and the baddies look like winning! What's more, they have both the hero and Liz,



A single-engined Vega six-seat passenger plane of 1926 that had a cruising speed of 135mph. The plane was built by the American Lockheed Corporation and its design was copied all over the world. This picture comes from 'Aircraft, A Picture History' (30p. Piccolo). The booklet traces flight from 1906 to '69 his girl friend, guns trained on both their bellies, and a real trump card to play.

Oscar's card is, of course, the Joker – of spades. He reckons he knows what Philip's weak spot is. 'The money's somewhere around here,' he snarls, 'and you're going to tell me where.'

'With a sudden jerk he ripped off Liz's shirt, his eyes never leaving Philip's face. Liz was wearing no brassiere and she twisted and kicked as he cupped her breasts, squeezing her nipples between his thick fingers, black against the honey of her skin. But Oscar held her firm, changed his grip, and slid one hand down the smooth sweep of her stomach and tugged down the zip of her tight white canvas trousers. Then he grasped the waist-band and tore them loose so that they fell around her knees, and slipped two fingers inside the white lace of her bikini pants.

'Liz's eyes snapped open and she wriggled futilely. She gasped and bit off a scream as the Negro's probing fingers dug into her.

"Excite you, whitey? There's more to come. And I mean come."

"Philip," Liz moaned, shaking her head so that her hair fell across her eyes, her whole body trembling. "Don't . . ."

'Philip watched, repulsed, hypnotized, the bile sour in his mouth, as Oscar spun her around and forced her to her knees so that her head was resting against the dull green of his trousers, between his thighs. Then Oscar gripped her by the hair, turning her face up to him. With his free hand he slowly began to undo his fly.

"Well, whitey? Does she blow good? You should know. Nice and easy now, baby. One bite and I'll knock your fucking teeth out." He raised her head so that her mouth was touching the huge bulge in his pale blue shorts.

'There was a frantic hammering at the back of Philip's brain . . . He looked up just as Oscar was easing himself free of his shorts, and let his free hand fall onto the bed in a gesture of total surrender. "You win," he whispered hoarsely. "Too bad," Oscar grinned as he did up his fly. "Just when it was starting to get real exciting. But I guess the money *comes* first."

FILMS

David Quinlan

Walter Matthau must be one of the busiest actors in Hollywood today. He and his lived-in face crop up not once but three times in **Plaza Suite** (A), a mildly amusing comedy (from Neil Simon's smash play) with some very funny lines. Matthau plays the lead in all three of its stories. And perhaps it's a mistake. He should have had the last but no more.

Still, he's very good, if miscast, in the first episode about a middle-aged wife (Maureen Stapleton) whose wisecracking hides her insecurities. She books a suite at the Plaza Hotel (where all the stories take place) for her anniversary. But her thin shell begins to crack apart when she finds out her husband is having an affair with his shapely secretary (dishy Louise Sorel, very wasted). 'Everyone cheats with their secretaries', she rants. 'I expected something more from my husband.'

The second story is the weakest Matthau (with a ginger wig) is a lecherous Hollywood producer who rings up a flame from way back and, with the aid of an armful of Vodka Stingers, beds her fifteen years after he first took her virginity. The third sequence, in which Matthau excels, has him as a harassed father trying to get his about-to-be-wed daughter out of the bathroom, where she has fled in tears. The material here, as in the rest of the film, isn't quite strong enough to sustain the length asked of it. But there are some good chuckles as Matthau breaks first a costly chair and then – he alleges – his arm on the bathroom door.

Famous full frontal – Christina Lindberg in her 'After the Orgy' role

Superficially a sex saga, Jacqueline Susann's **The Love Machine** (X) has more in common with a lesser Joan Crawford vehicle of the Forties. Problem people moving in a glossy world. Sex as a central theme. High production values. And a terrible script.

The story is the one about the stallion on the way up, played with not much sparkle by John Phillip Law. That his boss at the TV network (Robert Ryan) should have a coronary thrombosis is understandable after having to say lines like: 'Look at those pictures on the wall. Picasso, Matisse. These guys didn't have it easy'.

Dyan Cannon's big breasts are mostly kept under wraps (or sheets) and her acting is as hard and expressionless as ever. The over-exposed Collinson twins *do* appear in the nude, sharing a bed and a shower with the hero, but only David Hemmings as an arch photographer salvages anything of his reputation from the ravages of Samuel Taylor's screenplay.

There's not much more fun – although, for the first half-hour, it looks as if it might be rather good – from **Zee and Co** (X), a strident, occasionally effective dissection of a marriage on the rocks.

It has star value – Elizabeth Taylor, Michael Caine, Susannah York (in a thanklessly wet role) – as the embattled trio, plus in-words like fucking, bugger, shit, bang and all that. But the film, though at its best very funny, never quite knows what it wants. And, like the raucous Zee (a super-professional performance from Miss Taylor), its combination of wrangling, Lesbianism, suicide and soap-sud romance is a bit wearing.

Goodness knows (I don't) why anyone wanted to make **The Todd Killings** (X): or how old-time stars like Barbara Bel Geddes, Fay Spain and Gloria Grahame came to be associated with anything so negative. The photography is so dark that the girls who strip off might as well be horses.

Titbit of the month is undoubtedly Edwige Fenech in **Play the Game or Leave the Bed** (X). Edwige is reputed to have 'the best breasts in Europe.' She's a grand girl all right, with big, firm globes.

Edwige's film is the latest German period romp, though the catchpenny title obscures the fact that it's adapted from a classic novel called **Madame Bovary.** This may explain why it takes Edwige longer to strip than usual. But a ride, a storm and a convenient bar eventually do the trick. Strong hands pull down her blouse and the best breasts in Europe thrust out into the hands of her lover (Peter Carsten) – and figuratively, one imagines, every man in the cinema – before she is laid in the even more convenient hay.

Form an orderly queue on the right, men, but please don't rape the usherette on the way out.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

David Bowie is overtalented and underrated. And after an exile among aspiration and pretention, the brilliance of Bowie is tempered on **Hunky Dory** (RCA Victor SF 8244) with a return to credibility and some very gutsy funky music. When he feels like Simon and Garfunkel he sings like them and when he feels Dylanish he sings like Dylan but best of all is when he sings for himself – though like all too-intelligent people he finds it hard to reconcile his own brilliance with what he is doing and subsequently feels bound to poke fun at himself to justify what he's just said. I won't name any of the tracks because this LP is a rarity in pop music – every song stands free of the album on its own. I just think you'll be missing something very special if you never hear Hunky Dory – because you'll never hear anything like it again.

And if you're thinking of throwing a party in the near future and want it to degenerate into a heap of writhing, seething gyrating bodies (naked or clothed – whatever turns you on) and you don't give a toss for the neighbours, then get hold of **Led Zeppelin.** Their new album is found on Atlantic 2401012 and has all the great Led Zeppelin rock flowing back – like it always used to be when music was for strictly enjoying yourself with. Nice and blatant, fast and heavy, loads of excitement.

There's nothing mellow happening on **Sunfighter** (Grunt FTR 1002), latest offering of Paul Kantner and that superb lady of pop, Grace Slick, late of Jefferson Airplane. The music alternates between heavy and strident. In the cause of experiment and musical instigation, the pop scene is littered with groups that fell by the wayside – almost as many fell because they wouldn't change – but the nucleus of Jefferson Airplane still leads on from strength to strength. And very slowly – they are changing it. But the days have gone when you could let yourself into their scene straight away. This one needs concentration despite the easy bits.

The Dave Clark 5 are another kettle of grasshoppers altogether. Their **Good Old Rock and Roll** album (Starline SRS 5090) is a zoomer. Eighteen strong are the golden oldies they've rammed, jammed and banged onto this one. If you don't want to be able to hear yourself talk or think but would rather watch a lot of round female bottoms gyrating wildly then go to a party and stick this under the needle.

Cher (MCA MUPS 438) without Sonny is one more girl singer on the pile. A nice polished album which includes Gypsys, Tramps and Thieves and He Ain't Heavy – He's my brother but there's a great lack of strength or individuality. A bit of a drone. Music to doze by the fireside.

Which epithet you could not attach to **Kevin Ayers** album **Whatevershebringswesing** (Harvest SHVL 800). I have to tell you about track two, side two: Stranger in blue suede shoes. It's beautiful, really beautiful. It's about a guy who walks into a restaurant and . . . If you haven't got the album I'm sure your local record merchant 'll play it for you. Side two, track two. When you've heard that, you've heard everything.

Spontaneous Combustion (Harvest SHVL 801) is another blast: great powerboats of sound – no, really – oildrums full of music and echo chambers too. And when they take the lid off the bass really digs in deep; even when the lead goes all melodic and wistful. The lyrics are generally a bit lost and directionless but the music carries it all happily forward in great splashes. And now – fanfares please. **Argent.** Deep, mystical, urgent, magical, a band of talent, a rarity, a great talented pop rarity. I'd never heard of them until this album but they've been around and I've missed out. I have a song running around in my head and it won't let up. I'm driving my chick mad. It's called: Cast your spell Uranus and comes from Argent's album **Ring of Hands** (Epic 64190). It's the piano that gets me. Has anyone heard piano like that? And those drums, and the organ flying over the top. Fantastic. I'm not sticking my neck out when I give you the word that they're going to be a name to conjure with very soon, Argent are.

NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

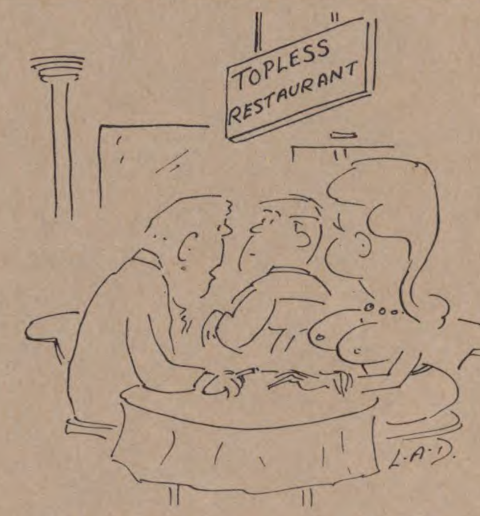
Wardour Street's **The Latin Quarter** has become quite an entertainment complex over the past year. There is the Topless Toulouse-Lautrec Bar, and the Bottomless (except for a friendly see-thru gauze skirt) (with but nothing underneath) Belles-de-Nuit Club Bar, and then there is the sparkling Latin Quarter Theatre-Restaurant Room. It sparkles from the light of a thousand bulbs mounted in the extravagant beaten-copper ceiling, and it also sparkles by virtue of girls like Euforia Blis and Michelle. It sparkles also with Bobby Hanna, who is known well for his fine singing in the Talk-of-the-Town show, and whose new single from Philips is due to be released shortly, called 'Working My Way Back to You.' Then there is the sparkle of Elizabeth Tarran, a lovely slim dark-haired Irish wisp-of-a-girl singer. Liz Tarran can give a lift to any show with her lilting voice and bubbling personality, and has also been seen each evening at the Pickwick Club in their ambitious new girly show, and is making her record for RCA shortly, we hear. Her two years at LAMDA and her experience as a dancer in the Copacabana show in Regent Street has given Elizabeth Tarran the necessary background for a great success story.

The show, which is entitled 'This, That and The Other', also benefits from Linda Dunn sending it up in her accomplished manner, and singing some very attractive songs to the accompaniment of a swinging backing-group.

Euforia Blis is another good reason why we recommend 'This, That and The Other' to you, and to tell you that she can sing as well as look the way she does in our photograph gives you an indication of the trouble Peter Tolaini has taken to ensure that he has a good show.

Provocative acts there are as well, and behind the electrically-operated venetian blinds, David Toguri puts on stage a naked man, no less, who executes a thoughtfully-produced and tastefully-performed dance sequence with an equally naked girl.

If you relate all this to a price bracket of £3·50 for a three-course dinner, and dancing to two bands, and the two floor-shows at 10.45 pm and 1 am, you will understand why we are excited about the show at The Latin Quarter. It gives value for money, and of that there is no doubt. At these prices, it does not claim to be the most sophisticated night-club in the Town, and in fact our only complaint about the place would be that it can be rather rowdy when the whole exciting scene gets going – but if a lively night-out is for you, you'll like The Latin Quarter.



'No, she isn't a waitress. She's with me.'

JULIA

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY ED ALEXANDER

Julia bubbles on Fridays. She looks forward to the 5pm start of each weekend with seething impatience. Then she scoots home to her flat and changes into the sort of clothes she really likes but can't wear at the office – 'long, frothy, late-night things with tassels'. Relaxed at last, she embarks on a solitary voyage of self-discovery. She devotes a lot of time to that because 'if you don't know what kind of a person *you* are, how can you ever really know anyone else?' There's simple, crystal logic behind her own attitude to today that makes her special. About herself Julia would say that she is introvert, romantic and very sensual – she loves smell and texture and believes them to be the most evocative of all senses; a woollen rug against a bare thigh, warm breath on a soft cheek, the basic good-home smells of fresh-baked bread and fresh ground coffee; the sounds of birds flying free in woodland and the more complex sounds of Simon and Garfunkel, John Barry and Beethoven's Pastoral symphony. Julia enjoys disturbing the crisp silence of fallen leaves, kicking them every which-way with a small pair of size sixes. Julia is cuddly-small, nineteen, frightened into corners by party groups of big men with small minds. She analyses people with north country directness, responding warmly to an honest, open, friendly

approach. She now lives in Hull, Yorkshire. She likes living 'up north' where the rents are cheaper and the people more friendly. If she wants to walk and think, then Julia goes down to the harbour and watches the boats – 'I think they're great. If I was a man I'd like to have the courage to go out in those things as they do, year in and year out.' On a gentler plain, Julia tries to act in local drama. 'I'm pretty hopeless' she admits with an elfin grin 'but I enjoy it and the others don't seem to mind that I'm so bad.' With Julia's 36–24–35 in the offing, we hardly wonder.

With his wife in Paris and him in bed, along came his chic mother-in-law, teasing and irresistible

FOR ME A WIDOW

Fiction by David Raine

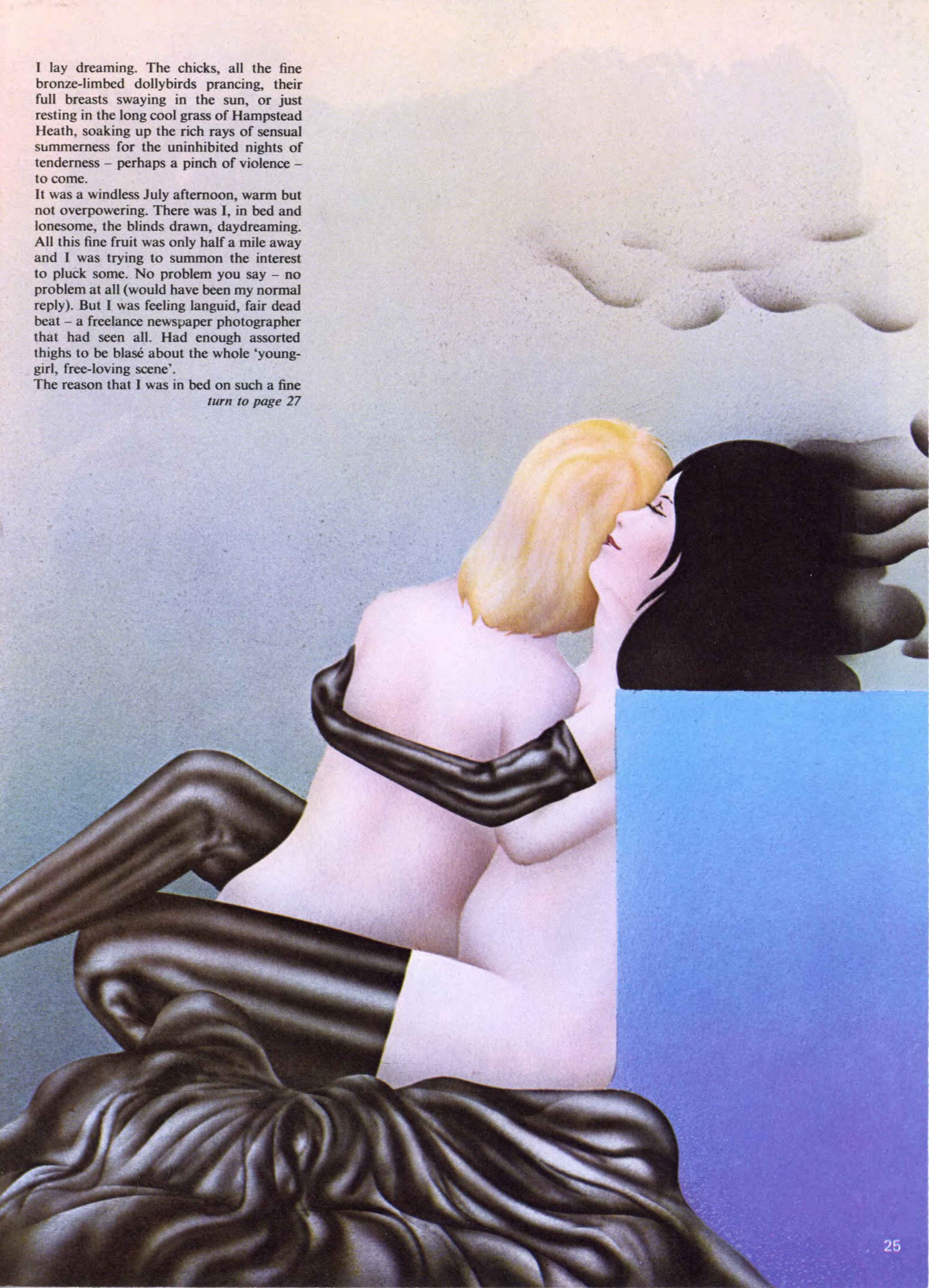
ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

I lay dreaming. The chicks, all the fine bronze-limbed dollybirds prancing, their full breasts swaying in the sun, or just resting in the long cool grass of Hampstead Heath, soaking up the rich rays of sensual summerness for the uninhibited nights of tenderness – perhaps a pinch of violence – to come.

It was a windless July afternoon, warm but not overpowering. There was I, in bed and lonesome, the blinds drawn, daydreaming. All this fine fruit was only half a mile away and I was trying to summon the interest to pluck some. No problem you say – no problem at all (would have been my normal reply). But I was feeling languid, fair dead beat – a freelance newspaper photographer that had seen all. Had enough assorted thighs to be blasé about the whole 'young-girl, free-loving scene'.

The reason that I was in bed on such a fine

turn to page 27



FOR ME A WIDOW

continued from page 25

day, was, ostensibly because the whole of the previous night I'd been standing, in the cold dew soaked grass of the heath, now in my dreams, trying to photograph Venus – a pity, the planet. It was work and a real dreary assignment. And it just added to the jaded minutes that Tuesday contained.

'Harry,' someone called. A female voice – black dread, I thought. 'Harry, darling, are you in?'

My immediate reaction was to pull the covers over my face and hide like an ostrich, its sad head in the hot sand. But I muttered, 'In bed – what d' want?'

No reply, maybe the bird had flown. Was I safe in my misery?

The bedroom door opened, I peeped, almost fearfully. My widowed mother-in-law stood in the doorway, the sunlight from the lounge on her. She was looking fantastic. I'd always fancied her a bit, but never – as she stood there smiling in a creature comfort way – my God, my heart was not the only thing throbbing wildly. Just like that, I was ready to kill her.

'Sorry to burst in like that but the front door was open.'

'Don't bother about it. How are you?'

She sat on the edge of the bed and made no excuse for it.

'Feeling wonderful, Harry – absolutely wonderful.'

'You look good.'

'What are you doing in bed? It's a beautiful day.'

'I know but I didn't get any sleep last night – working. And sort of feeling mournful too.'

'We'll soon change that. Aren't you going to give me a kiss – it's a month I've been away.'

But she didn't wait for me to raise my weary head from the comfort of the pillow before her lips pounced on mine, her mouth wrestling with mine, her tongue probing inside.

Yes . . . it had been a month, I was thinking . . . Christ don't ever go away for a year.

I was feeling bashful, a little shy. Fortunately nothing was inhibiting Sue. Dare I? I was thinking, and that sort of doubt hadn't troubled me for ten years. But it is different with your own mother-in-law. I was a little out of my depth – not the regular run of chicks. But why bother? Sue obviously had a purpose. I relaxed she was older – why not let her make the running? For a few seconds her small tapered hand twisted the hairs on my chest, then her fingers danced, with delicious sensations across my belly, gathering excitement as they slipped beneath the bedclothes. She held me firmly and stroked with a gentleness perfected in all those extra years. Her caresses almost had me reduced to a sobbing semi-conscious cipher. Through a haze I unbuttoned her flimsy blouse. Her breasts were full brown and big nippled, perfectly beautiful and she was without a bra – that month away had certainly given her body back its firm lusting youth.

She playfully flicked my tool away, lifted her face from mine and smiled.

'You kiss very nicely,' she said, as if it was a secret. 'Shall we have a nice cup of tea now.'

'Sure,' I whimpered.

Everything had me perplexed that afternoon.

'Don't move, Harry, I'll get it. Then we can have it in bed.'

She left, heading for the kitchen. I watched her slim brown legs. Her skirt was short, it suited her – suited her a lot. I lay back, fair stunned, on fire, repeating beneath my breath 'we'll have it in bed, we'll have it in bed.' Stack me, no kitten ever had me going so.

And it was all planned, of that I was sure. With meaning or without, who cared? – it was all nice, very nice, beautiful, smooth flowing action. Mary, my wife was in Paris and would be for some weeks. Of course Sue knew this. Often she helped in the boutiques that Mary owned over there. And Sue also knew that our marriage had long since run out of freshness – was that what she was capitalizing on?

I stretched my naked tanned body against the pink slippery sensuous nylon sheets and awaited the return of sexy Sue the bringer of tea – together with things beautiful. (A little prayer.)

'You don't take sugar – Harry?'

'No thanks, Sue.'

'Never were a sweet tooth, were you?'

'And never will be.'

Still her blouse was unbuttoned right down, her tan was the colour of the tea. She placed the tray on the bedside table.

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SOUND OF MUSIC

'It appears that I'm not only entitled to more, but as the thousandth customer I also get a bouquet of flowers, ten best selling LPs, a box of chocolates and two weeks paid holiday in the Bahamas'

FOR ME A WIDOW

continued from page 27

'So where have you been this past month?'

'Zurich – a health clinic.'

'Sounds expensive.'

'But worth it. Don't you agree?'

Gently I pushed her blouse aside, clasped a breast and kneaded it tenderly. She was almost purring.

'Beautiful,' I agreed. 'Worth every Swiss franc.'

Sue smiled and a little artfully too, I felt there was something in the wind, that I was being kept on the dark side of the street. As I sat up and sipped tea Sue slipped out of her mini. Then she hesitated, as if she'd had a modest thought – could be I was wrong – her white lace pants fell with the control of a stripper's unblushing conscience. She stood close to me, her knees pressing against the side of the bed. I rubbed my cheek against her course black curly pubic hairs. She held my head against her, running her fingers through my long fair hair. Then, without a word, she bedded herself beside me, and shared the tea from my cup like a real love-sick teenage dolly. But it was pure excitement, rich thrills. For a woman of forty-three she had a superb body; the clinic had done a fine job of rejuvenation – sweet sin, my belly was jellying around the edge of this beautiful disaster.

All the time she was disturbing our little tea party with the tormenting of her sex, rubbing herself against me, sipping tea, caressing.

'Take me – take me hard, Harry,' she suddenly ordered.

As we sailed into turbulent waters who was I to argue with the captain?

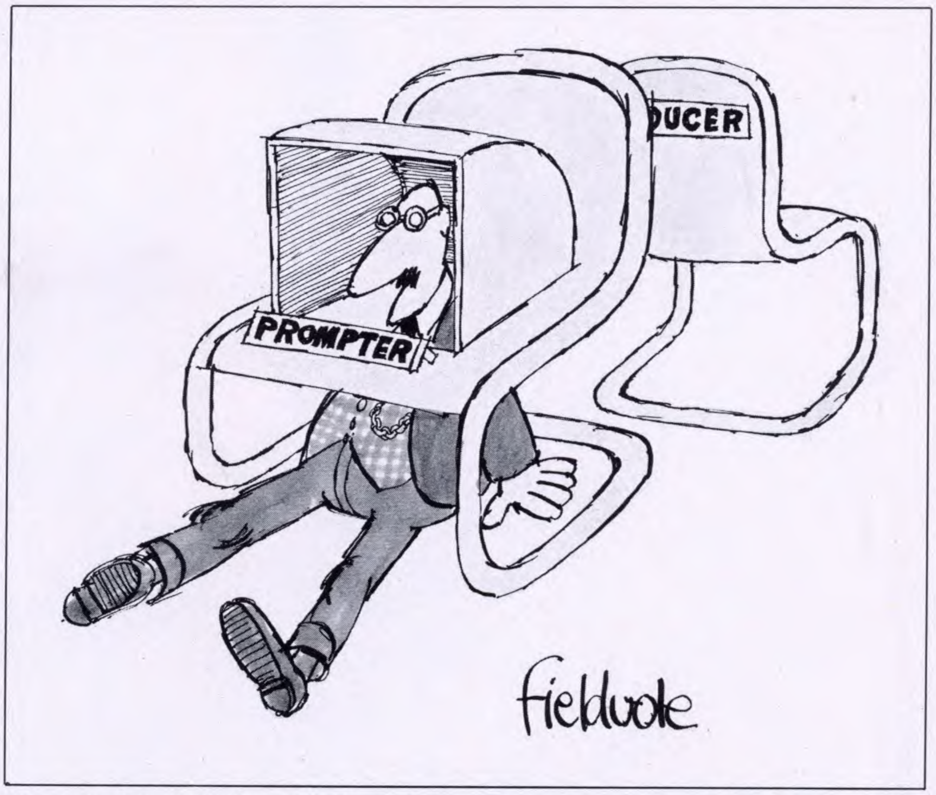
After tea and kissing and breast aperitif I was ready for her soft, wet, wild and willingness. She was crying, crying out as if it was pain, all pain, and the pain was too much.

'Harry, Harry, oui, oui,' she gasped, in a rasping love rattle.

We came, there was no reason to stop. She was raw, her eyes moist. Sometime after we fell asleep – surely for a week.

When I awoke she was gone. It was dark and if it wasn't for a tender tool, then she might never have been there and it could all have been a splendid dream. So I had a free-living sex-loving mother-in-law. It was all new to me. She was quite a mystery – but nice, really very nice. I staggered from bed and took a shower. Turned the telly on and watched News at Ten while I shaved. Still I was in a galloping daze, what had she done to me? – surely she was but woman, nothing more than a bit of mature skirt. But where had she gone, and what the hell was she up to, cutting out the way she had?

Next morning I had to leave early to do a job in Manchester. On the train I had a black coffee breakfast, felt like nothing more, and couldn't stop thinking about Sue. This couple had taken to living in the back garden of their council house in a tepee, wearing Indian gear, and cooking over an open fire. With a journalist I had to spend a day with them and try to find out why they had shunned all modern comforts. At lunchtime I managed to sneak away from the campfire, have a couple of beers in a pub and try to phone Sue at her home in Dorset. Nothing doing, the phone rang endlessly. Where was she? What the hell was she up to? I was asking myself all the afternoon with less than half a mind on the suburban Redskins. Was it only her body? As I was telling myself the thought of love horrified me. And all that day, to the revoltingly tasty smell of stewing bison, I was beginning to realise how 'horrified' I had so suddenly become.



British Rail's electrified line to Euston wasn't half fast enough for me. I paced the corridor, as if that would help. The urgency of being with her was ripping out the core of my belly. The front door key was missing from my key ring – she must have taken it on the way out the previous night – so I was hoping that she'd be there waiting – and as close to the bed as she liked.

I used the spare key, let myself in. The table was laid for dinner, candles flickering, champagne in a bucket of ice, a Joan Baez record on the last but one track. All friendly and seductive – a real treat. The table was laid for one, the meal, cassoulet (a Sue speciality) warm in the oven, the flat empty. I lay back on my old worn leather Chesterfield and lit a Gitanes. What was it all about? If she was trying to reduce me to a jabbering, incoherent wreck, then she was on the verge of succeeding.

The phone rang, I pounced on it. It had to be her.

'So you've had a nice peaceful day hanging around that wigwam, so what yuh doin' now?'

Jim droned on.

'What's your problem?' I said, upset, deflated. Where was she?

'Guess you must have forgotten that there's a paper to get out . . . Harry, we need those shots. The picture editor's doing his nut.'

'I'll be along in half an hour. Okay?'

'Right.'

'Jim.'

'Yeh.'

'Pass th' pipe of peace around, and have a big drag yerself.'

'If you don't show in half an hour, then I'll break it over your heavenly feathered skull'

'See you – Big Chief Laughing Face.'

'Go t' hell.'

And he slammed down the phone. What a gay day.

I heaved the casserole out of the oven, ate the pork and duck half heartedly and left for the office in Mary's Moke.

As I got out of the lift Lucy was waiting to go down.

'So I'm forgotten – now it's pearl necklaces and all that middle age crap,' she spat out, and gave a sharp laugh.

'You've lost me, Lucy. What's that meant to mean?'

I played for time. How could she know?

'Don't kid me, Harry. The bird that phoned the picture desk to find out which train you'd be on was no chicken. I spoke to her, and she had the bloody nerve to say, "she only wanted to know so that she could have dinner ready on time." And why did you go back to the flat instead of coming up here directly?'

'For Christ's sake, Lucy, that was my mother-in-law.'

'That's straight is it, why's she suddenly taken such an interest in you?'

'She's been in Zurich for a month, on the way home she dropped in to see me, thought I was looking peeky – too much plastic food – and kindly cooked me a real meal.'

'I see – that was nice of her.'

'You finished, Lucy?'

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FOR ME A WIDOW

continued from page 51

'Yeh.'

'Coming for a drink?'

'After you've delivered those photos. Meet you downstairs in five minutes.'

Lucy was Portuguese but didn't speak the language, born of a Spanish mother and Pakistani father. She was small, fine boned with long dark hair and extraordinarily beautiful. I'd been going out with her for the best part of a year without Mary knowing.

'What'll you have, baby?'

'Brandy and American.'

'Brandy and American and a pint, please Tom.'

'Must be nice having an ever-loving mother-in-law,' said Lucy.

Still she was fishing.

'Sure it's nice. Sort of makes up for her daughter.'

'That's not fair. If only you forgot about photography for a second and gave your wife a chance, it would work out.'

'You reckon. How about all the time she's boutiqueing?'

'Oh Harry! that's just a reaction to your sublime photography. What do you expect when you spend two nights out of seven at home?'

'That's an exaggeration, Lucy. Hell, it is my work.'

'Okay, Harry, I agreed it should be important to you but don't complain about your marriage if you're not prepared to devote any time to it.'

'Whose side are you on?'

'Me? I'm neutral but I worry about you and know that you're not happy. Does that sound strange?'

'Not at all, honey. Shall we go back to your place? It's more peaceful on the river, and I feel dog tired. The car's parked outside the office.'

Lucy had a barge converted to a houseboat, moored at the World's End of Cheyne Walk. It was solid, very different and she was happy there. We went on board along the rickety gangplank and across the decks of others. My mind was on Sue, where was she? – I was asking myself constantly, paranoiacly.

'Coffee, Harry?'

'Yeh, black.'

I stayed on deck. The tide was high, softly slopping at the side of the boat, gently nursing them together. I closed my eyes. My tired mind had a dream; a blouse undone, full brown breasts floating towards me on the moonlit river, but all the time knowing that if I reached for her the image would disappear. I couldn't escape from Sue. I had both the urge to run, never to see her again, be a monk, and to collapse again into the wantonness of her arms. Between these I was being torn to shreds.

'You want your coffee up there?'

'Please, it's a beautiful night.'

'A beautiful night for what?' she asked, handing me a cup.

'For lovin' – my sweet, for lovin'.'

We kissed and I loved her small firm breast, touching tenderly, she was a delicate thing.

'Drink your coffee, Harry. And stop messin' or I'll get my puritanical neighbours to float you down river to Traitor's Gate.'

'That's where I belong, is it? Are all your neighbours puritanical? 'spose you've got to be a bit strange or a real outdoor type to live in one of these rotten barges.'

'Careful – it's the home I love you're talking about.'

'I don't mean you, Lucy. With you it's a six month giggle. But the puritanical waterlogged water rats, the ones that have been here years, they must be crazy.'

'Why don't you move down here and find out how waterlogged you get?'

'Careful girl, I might just do that the way I feel.'

'How do you feel, darling? I never know.'

'How's that, I'm a simple cuss. A bed and a girl is all I ask of life.'

'You're always joking, and hiding behind it.'

'Really.'

'You know it's true. You love Mary, really, don't you?'

'Do I?'

'And it hurts you to think that she can be good at something and be totally independent of you.'

'You mean the boutique business?'

'Of course, you silly sod.'

'Is that what you really think, Lucy? Mary seems a long way away to me. It was good once but things have changed all that. Why are you so concerned?'

'Why do you think, you damn fool? Because I love you, Harry. Do people have

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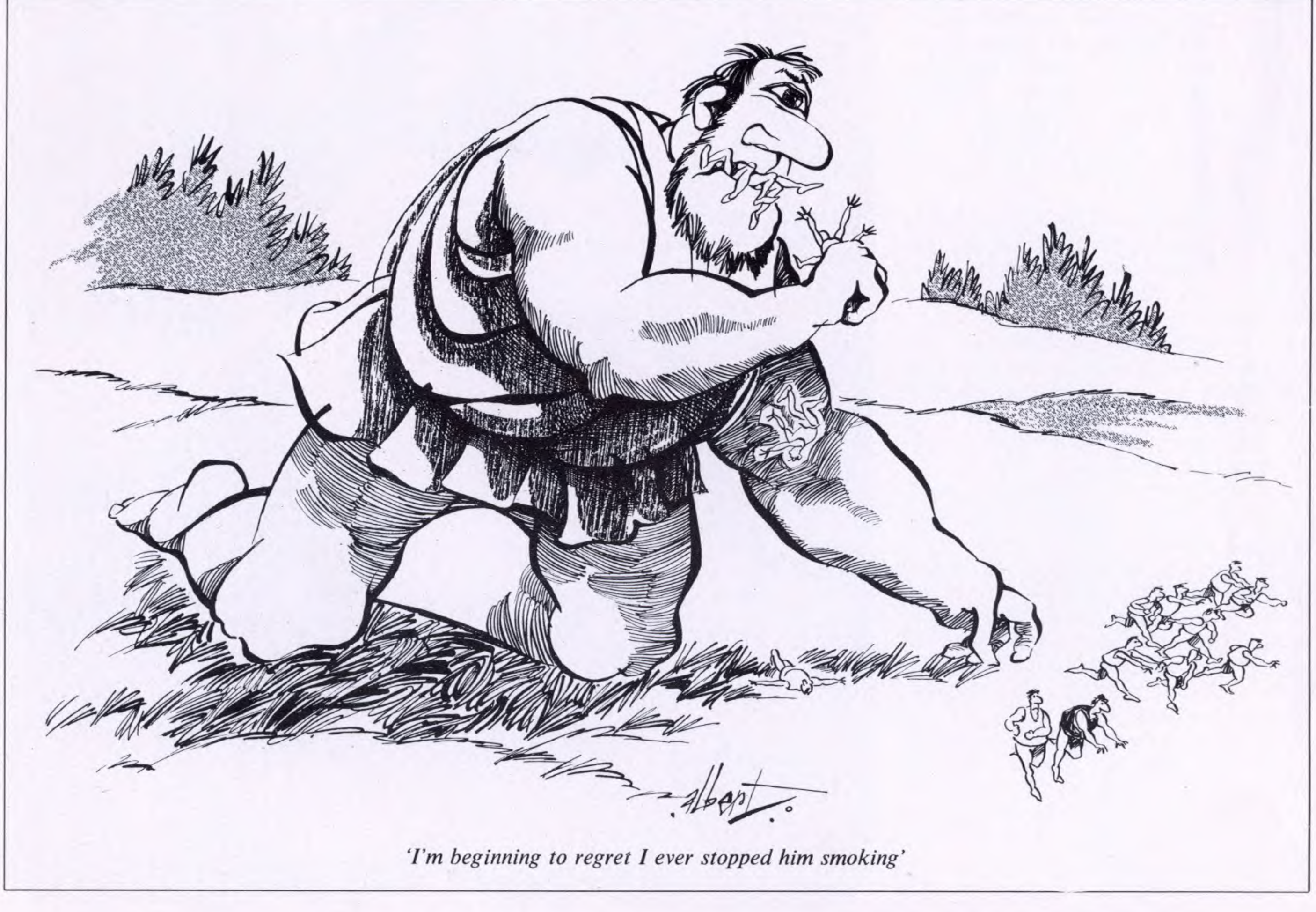


'I'm beginning to regret I ever stopped him smoking'

FOR ME A WIDOW

continued from page 58

to spell every single thing out for you.'

'Now who's hiding behind a joke?'

'I'm going to bed. Are you coming?'

'In a minute.'

Lucy went below, angry or sad, possibly a bit of both. A pleasure boat was coming down river fast on the ebb tide. I lit a fag and watched it pass, all gay lights, music, people dancing, happiness. When was I last happy, I thought? The pleasure boat seemed out of place near me.

I took the cups to the kitchen and washed them. Lucy felt that I wasn't only thinking of her. Women frighten me with the ways they have of knowing things, with their little plots and plans all their horribly disturbing faculty of feeling the truth. Until now I'd never given much thought to the way Lucy felt about me; we slept together, that had always been good, but I guess, for her, there was more to it than that.

'Are you coming to bed, Harry?'

I didn't answer immediately. She came out to the kitchen, stood silently behind me and put her arms around me.

'Come to bed now,' she pleaded, softly, very sadly.

I looked at her, she had been crying, I hated that.

She was wearing a pretty little three-quarter length white lace jacket that I'd bought for her in Rome. It was beautiful on her. She had such sad eyes, a gentle dignity. I ran my fingers over her stomach and felt the little stretch marks where she had had a baby – mine so she said and I believed her – but it was born dead. Normally it was the only thing that she was ever sad about. Lucy led me into her bedroom and undressed me without saying a word. We made love with a tender delicacy that belonged only to Lucy – for me it was Lucy. And how I will always remember her.

Because in the morning, after breakfast, I left her. She kissed me, asked if I would be back that night. I told her I had a job in Southampton, and didn't know when I would finish. Was it weakness not telling her? I told myself that I was being kind. I went to the end of the New King's Road and phoned Sue in Dorset. The phone rang a few times. I was thinking that there was no one there and was about to replace the receiver, when she answered.

'Sorry, wrong number,' I mumbled through a handkerchief, and put the phone down.

She was home, it was all I wanted to know. It would take me about two and a half hours I reckoned. I drove recklessly, blindly seeking something or running away – from Lucy or Mary, maybe myself. It was best for Lucy, I was telling myself, I liked her much too much to have her love me, all the time knowing that eventually I'd let her down. If I was running then it hadn't just started I'd been running for a long time. Both Vietnam and Israel had seen me running hard. I'd sought war and poverty to photograph and been too busy looking at distant horizons, I had my own war, and no one was much poorer than I was myself. Fundamentally I felt inadequate, this was my driving force, it caused me to miss so much. As I wildly drove to Sue's I was beginning to realise some of my mistakes, how it was impossible for anyone to live with me, how Mary must have suffered. But still it didn't stop me seeking this fresh destructive experience with my mother-in-law.

Sue had this nice house, that was the very thing that I had against it, a place that I could never relax and be happy in. The lawns and flower beds were too neat, too exact. It was all part of a way of living where there is plenty of spare time. Spare time I hated, having to fill in with trivia. The worst of all was time to reflect. I stopped, opened the double gates and drove up the clean gravel drive to the showpiece Georgian house. The knocker, a clenched fist, was brightly polished brass, too clean to touch – I pressed the bell. A guy answered.

'Hello. Is Sue in?'

'She is, do come in.'

'Harry is that you?' Sue called out, hearing my voice.

'So you're Harry,' this guy said, 'I'm Bill, Bill Saunders.'

'Harry darling, so wonderful to see you.' Sue flung her arms around me. 'And today too.'

'What's so special about today?'

'Bill asked me to marry him this morning, we're going to do it next week.'

'Get married.'

'Of course, funny. Aren't you glad for us?'

'Very . . . it's wonderful, Sue.'

'What made you come and see us today?'

'I've got a job down this way, just dropped in for a coffee, can't stay five minutes, I'm late already.'

'Can't you stay for breakfast? We're just having ours.'

'No, I don't have much time.'

'Oh Harry, by the way, what's Mary's telephone number in Paris, I seem to have lost it, I just must give her a tinkle and tell her the good news. She met Bill last year and will be so glad.'

I hesitated.

'Let me tell her, I'm going over to Paris tonight to see her.'

She smiled at me – she knew. I hate feminine intuition.

'You will be back in time for the wedding, and Mary too. It'll only be a quiet affair. Make sure that you're back mind, I know what you young love-birds are like when you get together.'

'Love-birds,' I repeated, smiling. 'You should talk.'

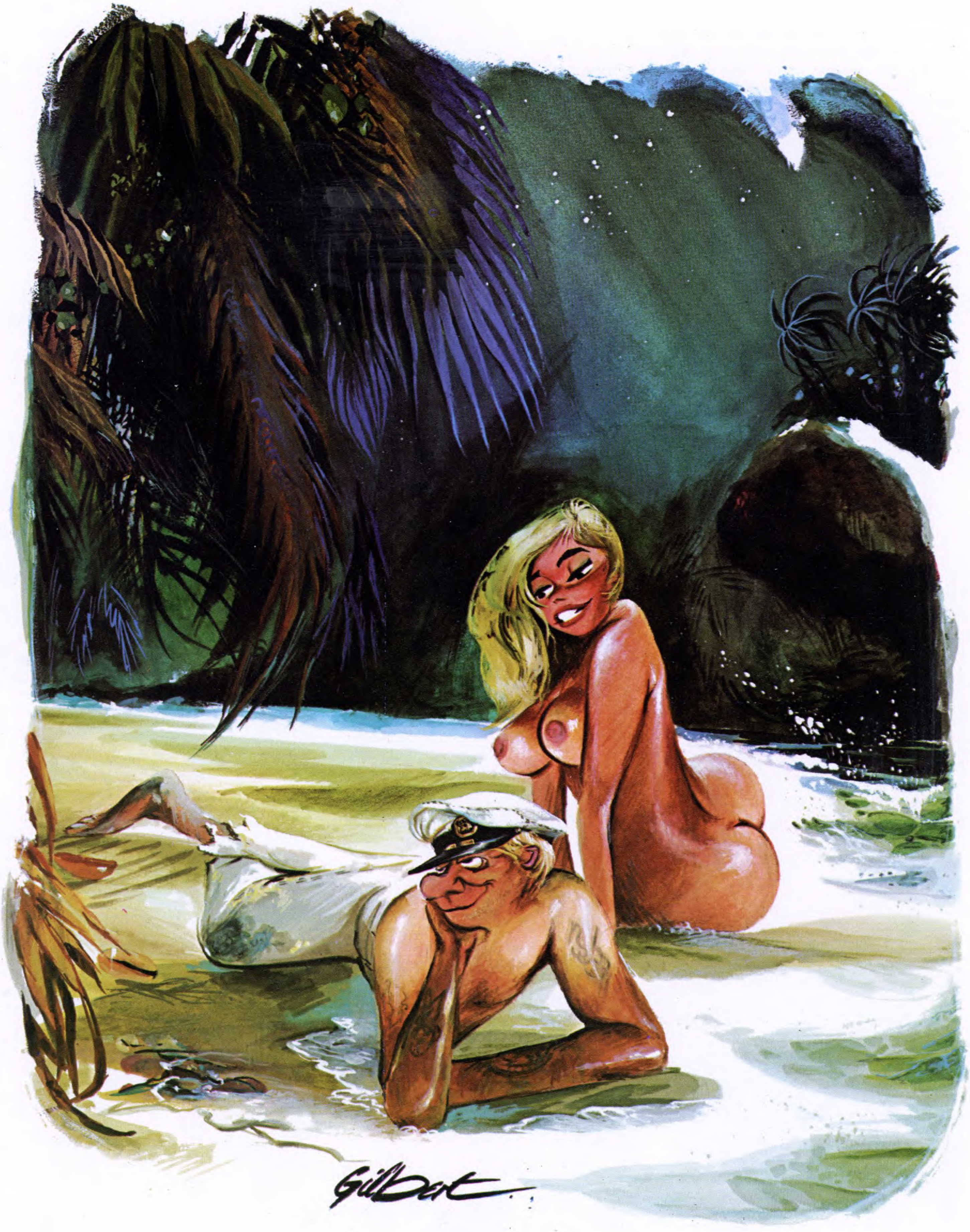
Bill was getting the coffee, Sue kissed me when he wasn't looking.

'I'll never forget it, Harry,' she whispered, 'it was wonderful. Did you enjoy the meal, it was a sort of a little thank you. Now you be nice to Mary, she adores you.'

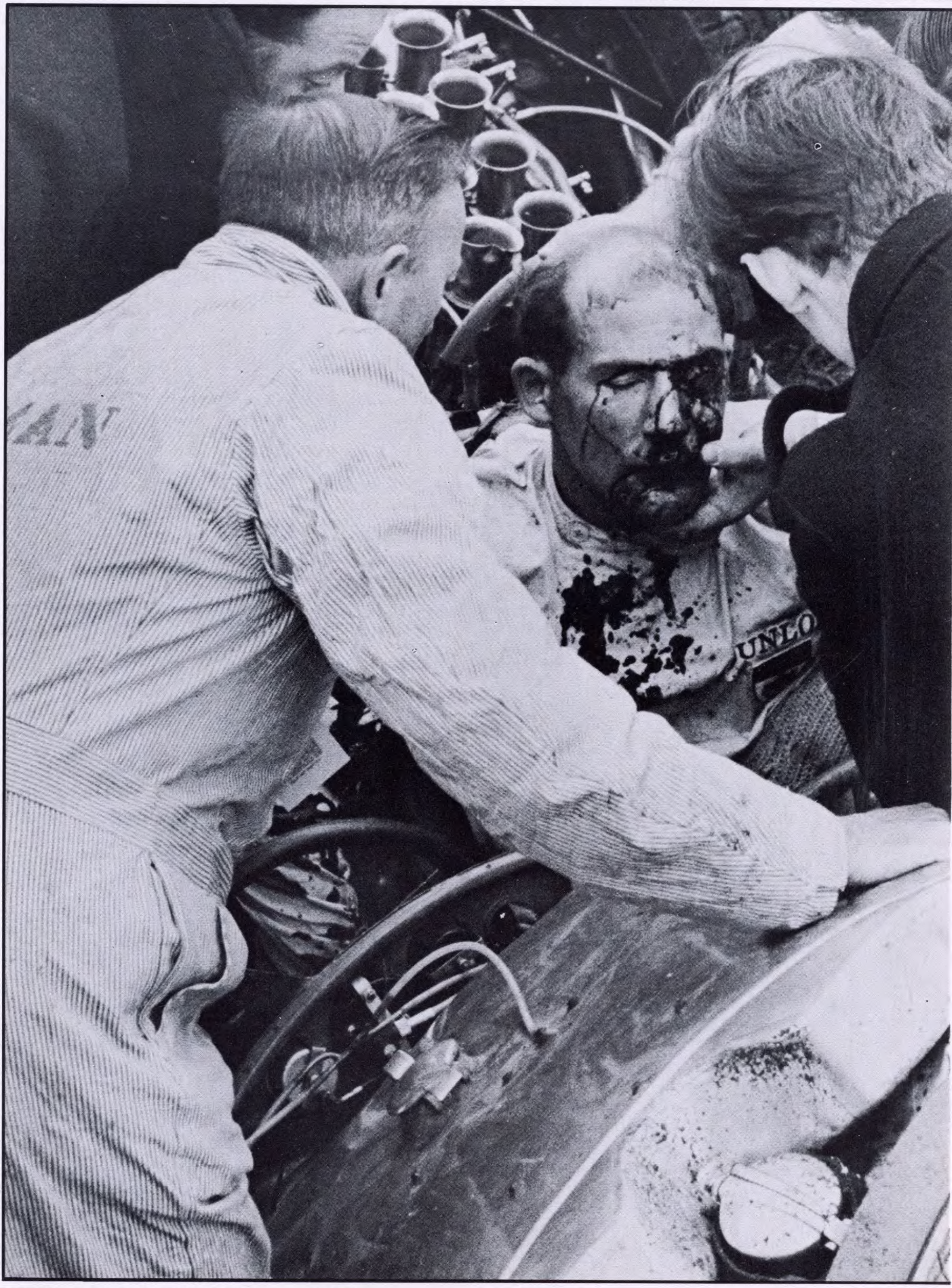
'You're a bitch, Sue.'

'Am I really?'

I drove away smiling, happy that I'd said I was going to see Mary. While I was waiting for a plane at Heathrow I bought an evening paper. 'Israel Raids Across Canal' the headlines read. I turned to the fashion page – to Mary.



'I suppose now we're here, Cap'n, you just can't wait to lay your hands on the treasure . . .'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UNLO

THE CRASH THAT BROUGHT DOWN THE CURTAIN

One of the very last pictures of the 'old' Moss, just before the start

Ten years ago this month a terrible accident ended Stirling Moss's racing career. How it happened is a mystery. But motor sport was never the same again

By Kenneth Bound

In its essence the story is deceptively simple. A racing driver who had risked his life almost every week-end for the previous ten years, crashes. The Fates are fair but not generous. He escapes with his life but forfeits his livelihood. He never again drives a Grand Prix car.

But over and above and beyond that statement lies another story, a whole tapestry of emotions and symbols. Today, ten years later, it may begin to be possible to see that tapestry in its full range and colours.

For tens of thousands of motor race fans, the day Stirling Moss crashed was the moment when a curtain was rung down on a whole unforgettable era of motor sport.

The Easter Monday race meeting at Goodwood on April 23 1962 had a special place in the racing calendar. It was the first major meeting of the year and this meeting was always thought of as a good try-out for the new cars. It was also very much a Bank Holiday. Glorious Goodwood, meant as a lucky label for the nearby horse racing course also applies to the motor racing circuit. Set in a slight dip in the Sussex hills, the track is ringed with gentle downs and green trees while to the south can be seen the spire of Chichester Cathedral. The bunting and whitewashed buildings added to the atmosphere of a continental Grande Epreuve even down to the air which was pungent with the smell of Castrol R.

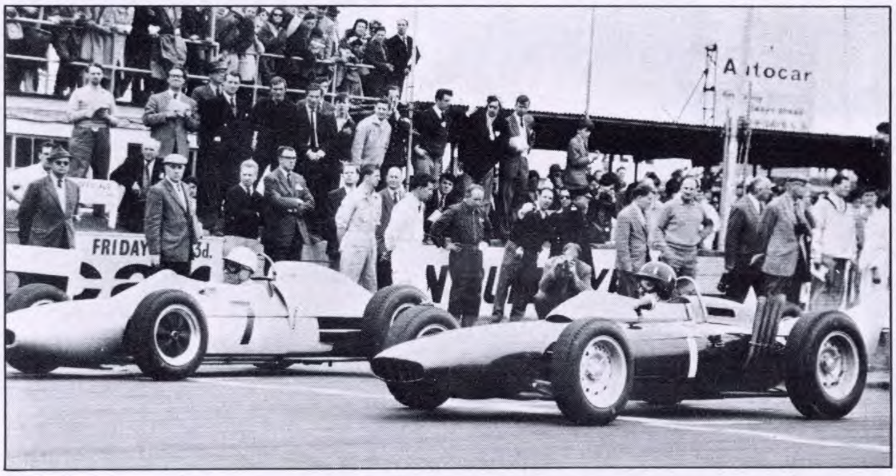
Moss, today, looks back on those days with affection. Sitting in the office of his still avant-garde Mayfair home he recalled: 'Goodwood was the social meeting of the year, but it also showed what the potential competition was likely to be. The car, perhaps, had new brakes, a new head, different tyre construction. It was a sprint meeting so you gave the car a bit of stick for 20 or 25 laps. It was a terribly informal amateur race. You would buy a threepenny chocolate bar and go across to the Guild of Motoring Writers club house. You raced for your own personal pleasure, gratification and pride. Goodwood epitomised this. You did not have police pushing you around as you did at Monza. You tried to do the right thing. You did not want to upset people you liked . . .'

That then was the atmosphere of Goodwood on that Easter Monday ten years ago. But for Moss personally it had an added significance. Was this to be his great year? Since the middle of the nineteen fifties this precision genius in the white helmet had been winning Grandes Epreuves – the selected International races in Grand Prix racing cars that count for the coveted World Champion Driver award. Since the retirement of Juan Manuel Fangio, five times world champion, Moss had been the heir apparent – the quickest driver in the world. Yet success had eluded him. The car, the luck, the scoring system had all let him down. In 1958 he nearly pulled it off but was beaten by one point by Mike Hawthorn. Even then the scoring system was debatable and on a more normal system Moss would have had the Championship. In 1961 Ferrari – the team Moss refused to drive for because he wished to stick to a British car – had the fastest cars. They carried to victory a comparatively unknown American, Phil Hill. It must have been galling for Moss. He was certainly a quicker driver and could have had Phil Hill's place in the team for the asking.

And now it was 1962 and the start of a new racing season. The very cover of the Goodwood programme for the meeting shows the hopes that were held for him. There is Moss sprinting across the track for a Le Mans start and beneath is the headline 'Driver of the year – Stirling Moss!'

In that same programme, Reg Parnell, veteran driver and now a team manager, saluted the new season and praised Stirling Moss, describing him as 'the best driver in

Left: the gruesome moment, as rescuers huddle round. Moss, miraculously, survives



On the line before the start: Moss in his lucky No 7 and Graham Hill in his No 1 BRM

the world.' Writing of the world champion driver he commented 'everyone knows who *should* hold the title.' He added something else, and could not know how truly prophetic it was. He wrote: 'Competition in the *grandes épreuves* is finally, and I think, forever, big business. It is leaving little room for the privateer.' He could not know that by the end of the afternoon the most famous of the privateers would have raced for the last time.

Moss, with his mathematical mind, knows exactly how he stood on that unsettled April day. Between 1954 and 1961 he had made 286 starts in races. On 148 of those occasions he was on pole position (i.e. made fastest lap in practice) was second fastest in 45 races and in 169 races had made fastest lap. He finished first or second in every 1.77 starts and 1.26 finishes. He wasn't unbeatable but he was statistically unshakeable.

Moss had practised in three cars and was due to drive in two races. In the last race, a mixed sports car and grand touring car race he would either take the wheel of a Ferrari Berlinetta or a Lotus Monte Carlo. In the big race of the day he would be driving a 1500 cc Lotus Climax painted light green and entered by UDT-Laystall who were sponsoring their entry as a means of publicity for the credit facilities of United Dominions Trust.

The new car was a full Grand Prix machine and of special interest. The previous year had seen the introduction of a new smaller engine capacity for Grand Prix cars. British manufacturers had protested vehemently at this and had all but pulled out of Grand Prix racing. At the last moment they relented but were too late to produce really new cars. Thus Ferrari had a benefit year. The problem was to get the power from the smaller capacity and the obvious way was the multi-cylinder engine. Two firms in Britain had produced new lightweight V8 engines for 1962 – Coventry Climax and BRM.

Moss in the Lotus Climax, Graham Hill and Ritchie Ginther in BRMs and John Surtees in a Lola were the only drivers of the seventeen starters with the new engines. Moss had made fastest time in practice and was in pole position. Next to him was Graham Hill in the new BRM. For the spectators, it was truly significant. Two English drivers in two British cars. Either could win. Would one of these two lead the world this season? Here, in this the first Formula One race of the season, would be the first test of skill, man and machinery. It was an ideal race for such purposes. The Goodwood International 100 for the Glover Trophy – a 42-lap scratch race for Grand Prix cars.

This race had for long been the main race of this meeting. It attracted Formula One Grand Prix cars and these were the cars that had recently wrested the top trophies from the famous Continental marques. To watch the Glover Trophy was to see a Grand Prix in miniature.

When the flag dropped it was neither Moss nor Hill who took the lead. It was Bruce McLaren in the Cooper Climax. (Eight years later Bruce was to die on this same track when his car crashed during testing.) On this day he sailed into the lead followed by Hill and Moss. Richie Ginther in the other BRM had stalled on the start line. He was pushed back into the pits and although he restarted later his new BRM was never in the race.

With Moss jammed in on all sides by the mangled remnants of his Coventry Climax, this close-up reveals how near was death

On lap two Graham Hill shot past McLaren and as the cars came round it was seen that Innes Ireland in another Lotus Climax was third and Moss was down to fourth. Then from behind came John Surtees in the Lola and overtook both Moss and Ireland. Moss managed to regain a place but this was not the spot where one normally expected to see Moss.

Then on the eighth lap as Moss came past the pits he was seen to be half out of the cockpit looking around. Clearly, all was not well with the car. On the ninth lap he came into the pits. The mechanics made an adjustment to the gearbox and Moss was able to rejoin the race. But the pit stop had cost him a lap. Moss was well in the rear of the field. In true Moss fashion he now proceeded to go very quickly, overhauling the back markers steadily. Surtees in the Lola, although similarly plagued with mechanical troubles, was motoring equally quickly. Surtees twice reduced the lap record but then Moss equalled the Surtees record. By lap 30 Moss had worked his way back to seventh place, but in a 42-lap race it was obvious he could not catch the leaders.

On lap 36 Moss was running alongside Graham Hill the race leader but was not on the same lap. On the further side of the circuit was the fast right hand curve of Fordwater leading into the sharper left hand bend of St Mary's. At Fordwater, Moss was slightly behind Hill. Then to the consternation of the crowd, Moss, instead of following the track to the right, ploughed straight on over the grass. He appeared to make no effort to stop and he continued for 100 yards at what has been calculated at 140 mph and finally ploughed into an earth bank at the end. The car disappeared in a bombburst of smoke and dust but when this cleared the car remained, inert but terribly bent, and the white helmet of Moss could be seen slumped over the twisted wheel. Mercifully, the car did not catch fire even although spilt petrol was everywhere. Rescuers rushed to the scene. Moss was bleeding and unconscious but apparently still alive. Fortunately, the British Automobile Racing Club, organisers of the meeting, had recently added bolt cutters to their rescue equipment. Even so, it took half an hour to cut away the car around Moss. He was gently placed in an ambulance and rushed to hospital.

The atmosphere around the circuit was incredible. A profound gloom, more real than any thunder cloud, descended on the crowd. It is usual in race meetings to give only sparse details of accidents, they are the voodoo of race organisers. In this case the silence added to the sense of disaster. This was Moss, the incredible, the indestructible, perhaps dead in the wreckage of his car with its lucky number seven painted on the side. The impossible had happened.

The motor racing crowd does have some affinity with the roman circus audience, no

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TIO PEPE
...take it cool!
TIO PEPE
Some of many
ROSA
CENTENARY
ROMANO CREAM
SHERRIES
BRISTOL MILK
GONZALEZ BYASS JEREZ
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
Look for this label
by GONZALEZ BYASS

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GONZALEZ BYASS

Stirling Moss *continued from page 30*

matter how much pundits may deny it. There is an emotional link engendered by thrills, danger, and perhaps death. But at Goodwood that day was an emotional atmosphere which transcended all this. It was that sense of hopelessness that descends on a nation when a popular leader dies. For the motor racing world this was their Dallas. In the days when motor racing was dominated by continentals the young lad from Tring had established an incredible race winning record in the tiny popping 500 cc racing car class. He had graduated to higher forms of machinery, fulfilling his promise at each stage. With him had come other young British drivers, a corps of gay cavaliers, fitting figures for the bright brash arena of international motor sport. Hawthorn, Collins, and Scott-Brown, Lewis-Evans, had died. But Moss was inviolate.

I am convinced that that day at Goodwood, the crowd sensed something that could not then be known; that this crash had brought down the curtain on an era of motor racing. The new men were coming up, the big businesses were sponsoring the races. The scene was changing and now following this crash, would never be the same again. Moss, with suspected brain damage, was soon moved to the Atkinson Morley hospital at Wimbledon. Because he was extremely fit, his physical recovery was fantastically fast. Thus there were stories that he would be racing again within a month. But as time passed it became obvious that the extent of Moss's injuries was such that he would never again be in the top flight of drivers. And being Moss, for whom to be top was the only reason and pleasure, he never raced again. Today, ten years after, he says with a quick smile, 'Of course, I could race. But I'd be no faster than . . .', and names a well-known figure in the Grand Prix circus whose name rarely figures among the winners.

The dust had hardly settled round Moss's wrecked car than the questions arose. What caused Moss's crash? A very early red herring crept into the accounts when the Daily Mail suggested that there was a partly hidden slab of concrete in the grass. From reports it seemed that Moss's father was convinced by this. The red herring was soon filleted by the British Automobile Racing Club and the Duke of Richmond who owns Goodwood. They invited investigators to the circuit. Moss's wheel tracks were still clearly marked. They were no-where near the concrete slab. Moss himself has complete amnesia over the whole day from the time he arrived at the circuit. He remembers nothing but he is willing to consider all possibilities. At one time he even thought of taking hypnotic recall treatment but was then advised against it. The brain, it is said, is wise enough to know when to forget.

The next possible cause for the accident was in a bolt from a Climax engine found on the circuit near the point of the accident. Could this have been kicked up by Hill's car and projected like a bullet to knock out Moss? I have now seen a doctor's findings on this. He reports that had a bolt with that trajectory hit Moss in the face it would have killed him and had it hit his helmet there would have been much more damage to the helmet than there was. The bolt was dismissed.

Mechanical failure? Moss himself says no. He says that he had lost wheels and brakes many times and in a mechanical failure he would be able to react to the car in some way. One of the odd things reported at the time of the accident (by Graham Hill among others) was a streak of yellow flame from the exhaust. This could have been caused by an electrical failure thus causing unburnt fuel to fire in the exhaust.

I have now had a chance to see the report submitted to the RAC by the official scrutineer. In it he found evidence of a cracked distributor cap. This could conceivably cause a short in the electrics. But it can't be certain if the crack was there before the crash – after all, the car was a write-off. And even if Moss had lost power, would he have gone careering off the circuit?

I talked with Moss about the various possibilities. He could not have been more helpful. To see if he could gain any impression of impending mechanical failure he hunted out his diary for the period. It is a poignant record, never before revealed. It is a perfect précis of Moss's life at the time. 'Saturday April 21. Up at 10, work, then off to Goodwood. Wet all day. Ferrari was fabulous on D 9's, Lotus feels fair, and the 19 good.'

The 'feels fair' is a distinct non-enthusiasm when compared with the Ferrari.

It continues: 'Duke's for cocktails. Called Angela.' Then follow practice times: 'SM 1.34.4, GH 1.36. On sports car 1.34.2'

'That's fascinating' commented Moss as he read this entry. 'My practice time in the sports car race was faster than in the Lotus.'

The diary continues: 'Sunday April 22. Up late. 9.30. Played croquet. Cocktails at Midhurst.'

And that is all. There is no further entry.

What does Moss feel about the accident?

'I have had seven wheels off and eight brake failures, or perhaps it's the other way round. A blackout? At no time in my life before or since have I done that. I think it most unlikely that I was going to make a mistake at Fordwater at 140 mph.'

Did he have any possible theory?

'Yes,' said Moss. 'There is one. This could have caused the accident. Graham Hill was ahead of me by one or two laps. Graham Hill is a very clean driver. I was coming up behind. To Graham I was a good distance behind him. Graham had a funny swooping line through Fordwater. He might have seen the marshal flagging him and he might have acknowledged the flag. I am in a hurry and take it Graham was waving me on. I am sure I would not pass there without being given the OK.'

An interesting thought. Fortunately there is one man who can give an opinion of it. Graham Hill. He has a good memory and can give a lucid exposition. His answer was short but friendly. 'Can't be. I never

turn to page 34

Stirling Moss *continued from page 32*

acknowledge marshals' signals in a race. Moss had made a pit stop. Then later I saw him coming up in the mirror. When he came flashing past me he was already out of control and on the grass. I was shaken to see this. He was obviously on his way to an accident. I did not see any dust from the tyres. I saw the car buck into the air once and a great sheet of flame shoot out of the exhaust. Then he hurtled into the bank. It was all horrific. I came round next time and all I could see was a lot of people.'

An amateur ciné enthusiast had his camera on the car as it went off. The BARC obtained the film and blew up the frames to analyse. Nothing came of it. They were too indistinct at long range to be significant. Is that all the evidence? Not quite. There is one more witness—myself. I was at Goodwood that day watching as a spectator, not an official. I was on the banking at Lavant, the tricky double corner at the back of the circuit – a spot much loved by enthusiasts since it sorted out the drivers as few corners could.

I had seen Moss drive some 20 or 30 times. I was as convinced as anyone that Moss as a driver was in a different class to the others. I had once by chance had the glasses on Moss as he came through Melling Crossing on the Aintree circuit. Melling crossing is a difficult kink in the circuit. It was a streaming wet day. As I watched, Moss lost it. He spun once, he spun twice, as he spun the third time he caught it neatly as the car pointed down the track and continued as if nothing had happened. He recalled this incident well when I spoke to him. His comment was typical of the man. 'Yes, I remember calculating as I was spinning that I was losing time but that I had a bit of time in hand as the spin was caused by going too fast.'

That sums up completely the precision control of Moss.

But it was not that Moss I saw driving on Easter Monday on the day of the crash. After his pit stops he was a changed driver. The green car, the white helmet and the inevitable Number 7 told that it was Moss. But the driving was unrecognisable. Out of Lavant the Lotus was on opposite lock – the wheels slightly out of alignment to correct the back breaking away. This was a luxury Moss had never allowed himself. The comment among the spectators then was that Moss had lost his cool. Was the ice cold driver for once getting hot under the collar? That was the distinct conclusion we came to. And this was before the crash.

I put this to Moss. He was interested, without doubt. He could not, with the greatest goodwill, believe it.

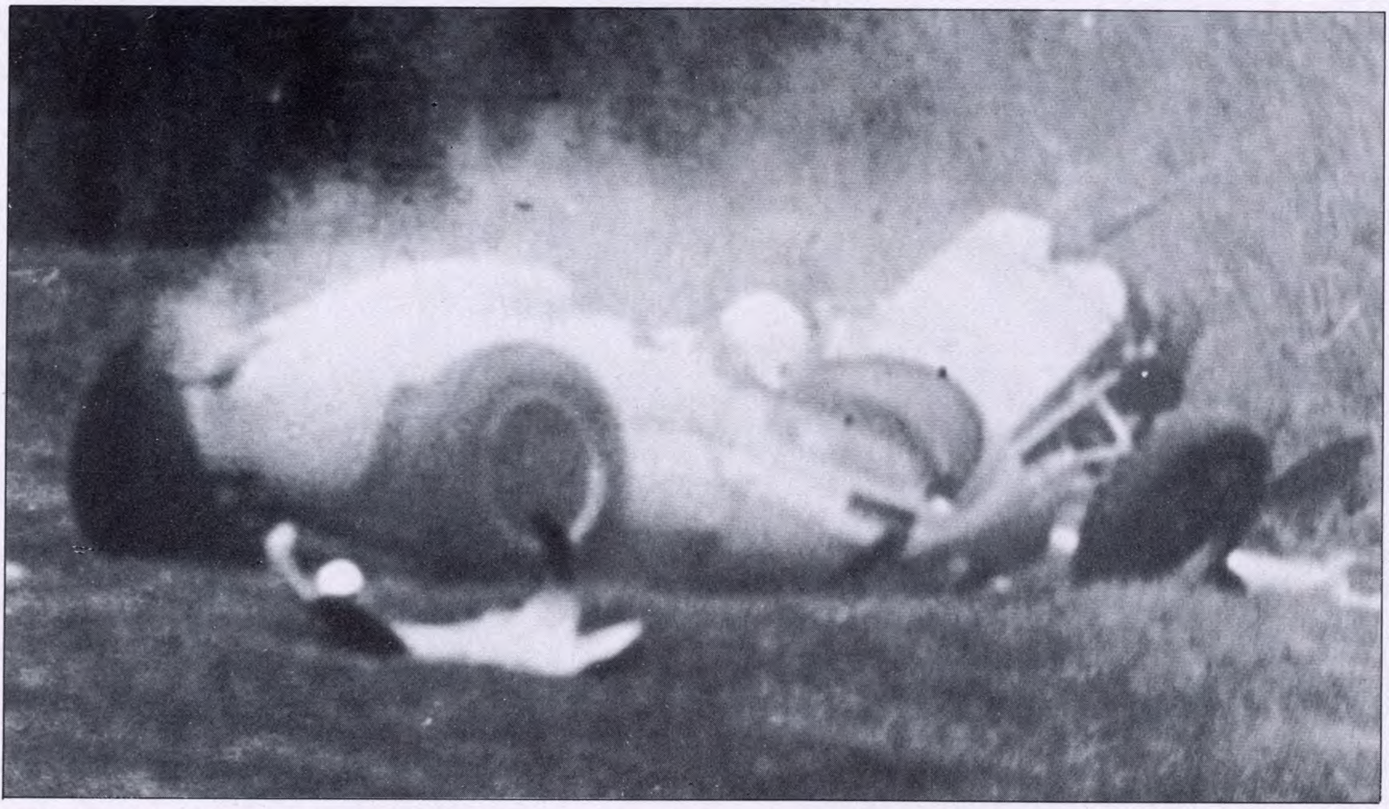
I asked him if he had ever 'lost his cool' on the circuit. No, he had not. But then he told me that he had once on a circuit in Denmark. A completely unknown driver taking part in the race refused to get out of the way so Moss nudged him out of his path – a perilous tactic at race speeds. 'It is the only time in my life I have ever nudged anyone. It might have caused an accident.' This was Moss the analyst, the supremely honest assessor, discussing an interesting theory.

I put it to him that it could have happened this way. The start of a new season. a man who had been robbed by ill luck of the title he so richly deserved. In this, the first race of the season, mechanical trouble strikes again. Then he finds himself within hitting distance of the race leader, very much the man to beat. Did the ever-competitive Moss feel that yet another championship year would go the way of the rest? Was he filled with the total desire to show he could overtake the race leader even if he could not win the race? And was there an extra spark that had made him angry with himself, angry enough to make for once a driver error – that even he, Moss, could not overtake at that spot at that speed? Moss is polite and constructive. 'Certainly, the most important race is the race I am taking part in. No matter what the race position I would want to be the fastest vehicle round the circuit. But that's all. I would outbrake Graham, certainly. But not on the outside.'

Moss cannot accept that anything could have shaken him from his own incredibly high standard.

Yet there is one incident that he told me about and which has not previously been known. Moss told it to me himself. It is his last memory of that Easter Day before the curtain came down. He backed his Lotus Elite out of the Fleece in Chichester where he was staying. There was one of those collapsible parking posts in the way. Moss didn't see it. The bottom of the car hit it. Moss remembers thinking 'Sod, that was pretty bloody careless.'

Moss the motoring magician remembers doing something that we ordinary motorists might do. We might dismiss it as a nothing, but could Moss the perfectionist dismiss it from his mind so easily? There is no answer. For Moss, in his own words, it was 'the most expensive shunt possible' and for the rest of us it was the last race of the last true cavalier in motor sport.



A blow-up shot of the exact moment of the 140 mph impact. Despite a bomburst of smoke, the car, miraculously, didn't catch fire

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

The snow lay crisp and deep as the young lad returned with the girl from next door from an evening on the town. Fondling her goodnight at the front door he felt the urge to relieve himself. Giggling, the young lady suggested he do it on the wide expanse of virgin snow that covered the front lawn; indeed she suggested he make patterns.

In fact the lad had drunk so much that she had to help him undo his trousers.

Came the morning, the lad's father was accosted by his neighbour: 'Your son's pee'd his name on my damn lawn, right in the centre for everyone to see.'

'I can't see anything very wrong in that,' replied the lad's father. 'Lots of young chaps get taken short after a night out and as for peeing his name – well it shows commendable initiative.'

'Up to a point, I agree, old man,' replied the other, 'but it's in my daughter's handwriting.

The well stacked blonde sat rigidly in the dentist's chair. She gripped the armrests with white knuckled fingers.

'I dread having my teeth filled,' she moaned. 'I'd almost rather have a baby.'

Replied the dentist, 'Make up your mind Miss, which shall it be – I have to adjust the chair.'

When Henry Ford died and went to heaven he began criticising certain aspects of the organisation up there.

Word got back the archangel Gabriel who went in search of Mr Ford.

'I do not think,' said Gabriel, when he found the motor man, 'that your mass production methods were so perfect that you can presume to interfere with the way we run things here. I speak with some experience, remember. I was present when our founder created woman – surely the finest vehicle that man could wish for his desires.'

Ford – impatient of criticism, replied that he had always considered woman to be inefficient because of the number of basic design faults.

'For example,' he said, 'the main exhaust is far too close to the secondary exhaust and that in turn is also mistakenly used as a primary input'.

'Maybe so', replied Gabriel, 'but more men are riding our product than anything you ever created'.

The young couple decided that happiness was the prerequisite of a lasting marriage. They agreed that for ten years they would each keep a jar into which they would drop a grain of rice for each infidelity.

After the ten years, the wife opened her husband's jar and found nine grains.

'Oh', she exclained, 'what a wonderful husband you are – you've only been unfaithful nine times'.

The husband opened his wife's jar to find a single grain.

Surprised and pleased, he asked, 'Why is there only one grain here?'

Without thinking she replied, 'I got caught short for that rice pudding we had last night'.

The two experienced women were talking. One said she had been in the East where male organs were short and thick, and that was how she preferred them.

The other said she had always lived in the West where male equipment was long and thin.

The daughter of one of them, who was not supposed to be listening, told her mother later that she hoped to marry a Diplomat.

'And why is that, my dear?'

'Well mummy, then I would have a man born in the West who had lived in the East a long time'.

Jones came home to find Smith in bed with his wife.

Upset, he dashed around to Mrs Smith and told her what he had seen.

'Don't worry,' said Mrs Smith, pulling down her knickers and raising her skirt. 'Take your revenge'. After a prolonged bout of lovemaking on the sofa, they rested over drinks.

Ten minutes later, Mrs Smith suggested: 'Let's have some more revenge'.

Jones complied.

Finally after another rest and more drinks, Mrs Smith enthusiastically enquired: 'Would you care for another revenge, Mr Jones?'

'No thank you', replied Jones, 'All my hard feelings seem to have disappeared'.

The physiology professor asked one of his attractive female students: 'What part of the body expands up to ten times its natural size under an emotional impact?'

The girl blushed and said: 'I'd rather not answer that, sir'.

So the professor turned to the boy next to her and asked the same question.

The boy promptly replied: 'The pupil of the eye'.

The professor turned back to the girl and said, 'Your confusion shows three things. You didn't study your lesson; you have a sex-obsessed mind; and you're going to be sadly disappointed.'

The young man had been staying at the holiday camp for several days without much success with the girls.

'You have to be more direct in your approach', counselled his friend. 'Come right out and ask them for it'.

That evening in the bar, the young man approached a very attractive holidaymaker.

'I'm a man of few words', he said, 'will you or won't you, yes or no?'

'Whose chalet', she asked, 'yours or mine?'

'If you're going to argue about it', he replied, 'forget it'.

There was a young man from Hensil
Whose tool was as sharp as a pencil.
It went through an actress,
Two sheets and the mattress
And shattered a china utensil.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.

Yvette

Yvette Brebbia, eighteen. Half-French and half-English with a trace of Corsican ancestry that gives her this delicious, volatile animation as she talks eagerly about the kind of girl she is. Yvette wants love, money – and her freedom. To her, they're intermingled; love from the man she wants, money for living and freedom to do with that life what she will. Given these things she'd sail off around the world in a catamaran and cock a friendly snook at the 'five day drag' her financial dependence demands. She lives alone in a tiny flat in Pinewood Avenue, Hillingdon, and works as a personal assistant to the advertising boss of an Uxbridge comptometer business. 'Some of the girls know I'm

going to appear in Mayfair but I haven't told any of the men. I expect if they knew they'd be popping into my office all the time.' Away from the office, Yvette enjoys preparing food for her friends: 'My father's a chef so I must have picked up a little from him.' She's also a keen water-skier and practises yoga – 'just to keep fit'. In less strenuous moments she settles down with a book (anything romantic) and dotes her 35–23–35 on small animals. She fancies men who are well-built with dark hair and who are modest – 'so many men fancy themselves these days that we girls don't have a chance', that oh-so-soft mouth bends into an offence-robbing smile. Despite her yearning for 'freedom', Yvette is freer than most. Marriage is un-necessary, and sex the prerogative of her age; love is all you need

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / YVETTE BREBBIA

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH / YVETTE BREBBIA

POW!

Power boats blast through the traditional tranquillity of boating. Sailing at 100 mph just has to be a crash-helmeted sport / Photographed by Ivan Belcher

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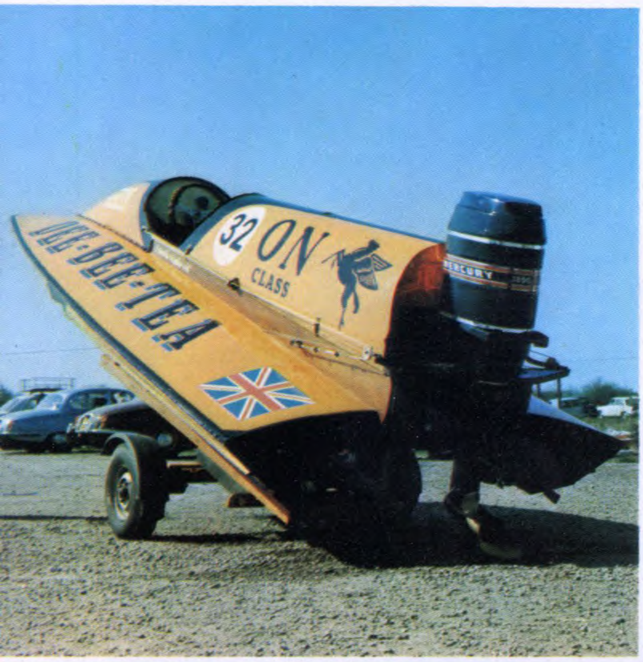
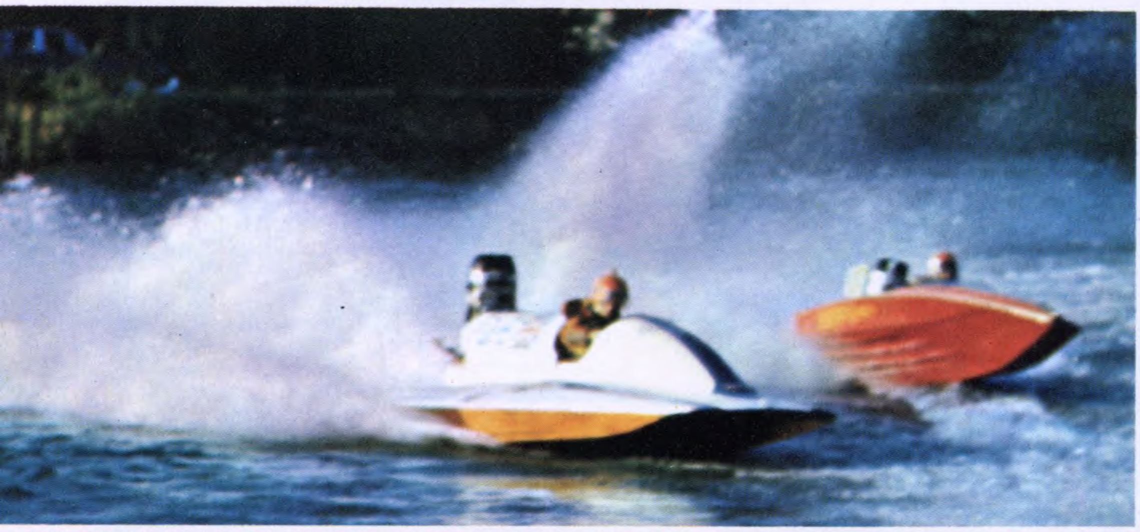
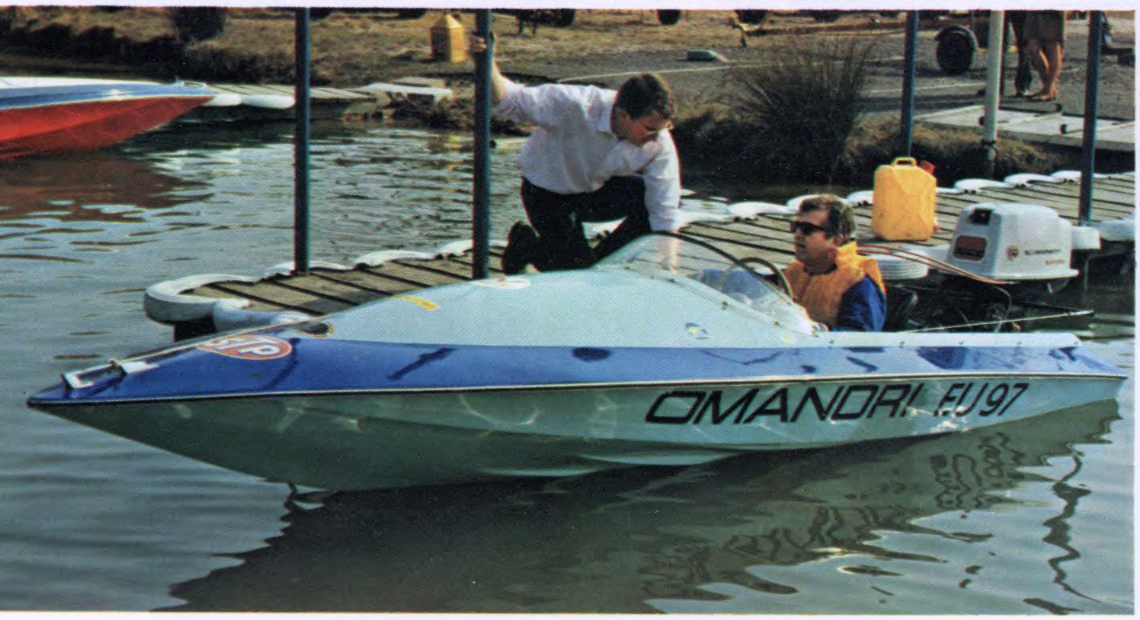
RYA



If you want to cream across inland water ways in a fibre-glass dart with a marine engine howling away behind your ear, then you have to pay for the privilege. Inland water power-boat racing is a rich man's sport. Before you swing that new gleaming paintwork into the water for the first time, dig deep into your pocket for about £800 and divide that half-in-half against the price of the boat and its engine. If you then damage the delicate fibre-glass shell even slightly you're looking at £60 worth of trouble. Tip the boat over, treat that specially tuned marine engine to a long, expensive drink of cold water and you're digging again for another £50 to have it stripped, cleaned and completely re-assembled. The smallest of the power-boats, a fourteen footer with a 50 hp engine, costs about £900 – but should you get ambitious and move into the catamaran class, your seventeen foot water-baby will come fresh from the yards with a tiny tag for £800. If you want that lovely shape to





Left, top to bottom: Derek Thompson's Bristol Dee-Bee-Tea with the 50hp engine that won him the club's 1970 championship. The fury of the chase as two speeding boats battle for the West Country Brewers' trophy at Fairford. A quiet moment's advice for Stefan Jung before the start. A few weeks later he was in hospital, badly injured in a power-boat smash. Right, top: the quiet before the storm, Jung and Thompson in action and, right, the final curve

41
22
10
14
STR

actually move anywhere its 100 hp engine will be yours for merely another £1300. Yet despite the crippling cost of this sport that leaves most of us on the river bank, it's growing rapidly in popularity. Between the tentative beginner and the off-shore power-boat boys with their aircraft-engine powered four-seaters, the sport is gathering a hard core of addicts. At the Cotswold Motor Boat Racing Club in Fairford, Gloucestershire, twenty-five of the club's members race their own boats regularly from March until early November. They race in five different classes around a mile long gravel pit which boasts two small islands, one at either end of the pit. They thrash the placid water to a froth with speeds approaching 100 mph as they juggle with one forward gear, a foot throttle and a toylike steering wheel. The boats are mostly made of fibre-glass with heavily reinforced bows and built-in buoyancy. Crash helmets and life jackets are obligatory. It's a dangerous game.

TOTAL
32
ON
CLASS
DEE-BEE-TEA

The girls who fall for the five line fate

Why do limericks have an enduring fascination? For men it is because girls in limericks come closest to the idealised male image – they are supremely vulnerable. With the help of Cobb's drawings, we reveal how

There was a young lady named Sally,
Who was dancing one night in the ballet.
There were roars of applause
When down fell her drawers –
For the hair on her head didn't tally.

A bulgy young barmaid of Bude
Said: 'Men are exceedingly rude.
When I bathe in the sea,
They all follow me,
To see my pudenda protrude.'

There was a young lady of Cheam,
Who crept into vestry unseen,
She pulled down her knickers,
Likewise the vicar's,
And said: 'How about it, old bean?'

A lively young lady of Cheltenham,
Donned tights to see how she felt in 'em
But she started to shout:
'If you don't pull me out
I fear that my genitals will melt in 'em.'

There was a young lady of Tottenham,
Who'd no manners, or else had forgotten 'em.
At tea, at the vicars,
She tore off her knickers,
Because, she explained, she felt 'ot in 'em.

There was a young lady named Eva,
Who went to a ball as Godiva;
But a change in the lights
Showed a tear in her tights
And a low fellow present yelled: 'Beaver!'

To his bride said the lynx-eyed detective,
'Can it be that my eyesight's defective?
Has the east tit the least bit
The best of the west tit –
Or is it the faulty perspective?'

There was a young lady of Cheadle,
Who sat down in church on a needle:
Though deeply imbedded,
'Twas luckily threaded,
And she had it pulled out by the beadle.

There was a young lady of Exeter,
So fair that all men craned their necks at her;
But one more depraved
Than the rest boldly waved
The distinguishing mark of his sex at her.

There was a young lady of Harwich,
Who said on the eve of her marriage:
'I shall sew my chemise
Right down to my knees
For I'm damned if I'll hump in the carriage.'

A pert miss, for a fault of decorum,
Was tanned by her father at Shoreham.
It quite painfully hurt
When he'd pulled up her skirt,
Her fault was she just never wore 'em.

A stockbroker, with lecherous eyes,
When asked what was likely to rise,
Said: 'Send in young Winnie
In thigh-showing minnie,
And then keep your eyes on the flies.'

An anaemic young lady from Stoke,
Who in favour of chastity spoke,
By her Doctor was told:
'If I may make so bold,
What you need is a jolly good poke.'

There was an old abbess quite shocked
To find nuns where the candles were locked.
Said the abbess: 'You nuns
Should behave just like guns
And never go off till you're cocked.'

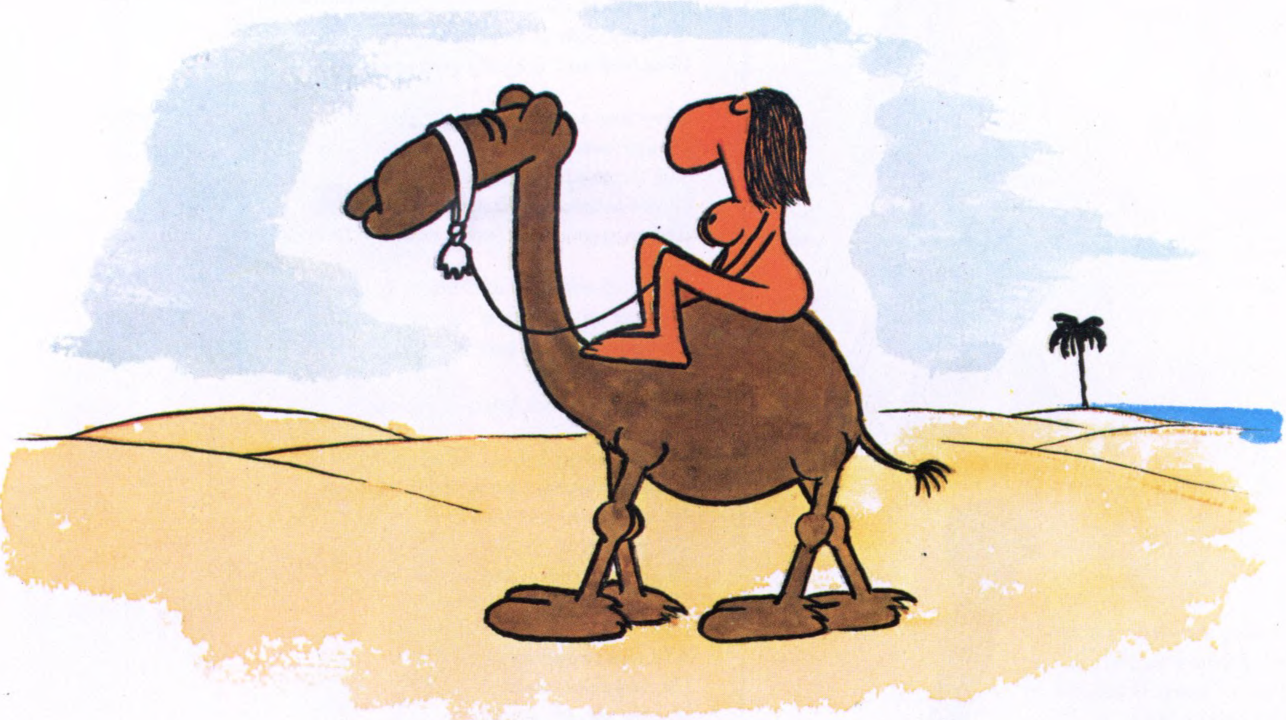
A lady schoolteacher of Devizes
Was had up at the local assizes,
For teaching young boys
Matrimonial joys,
And giving French letters as prizes.

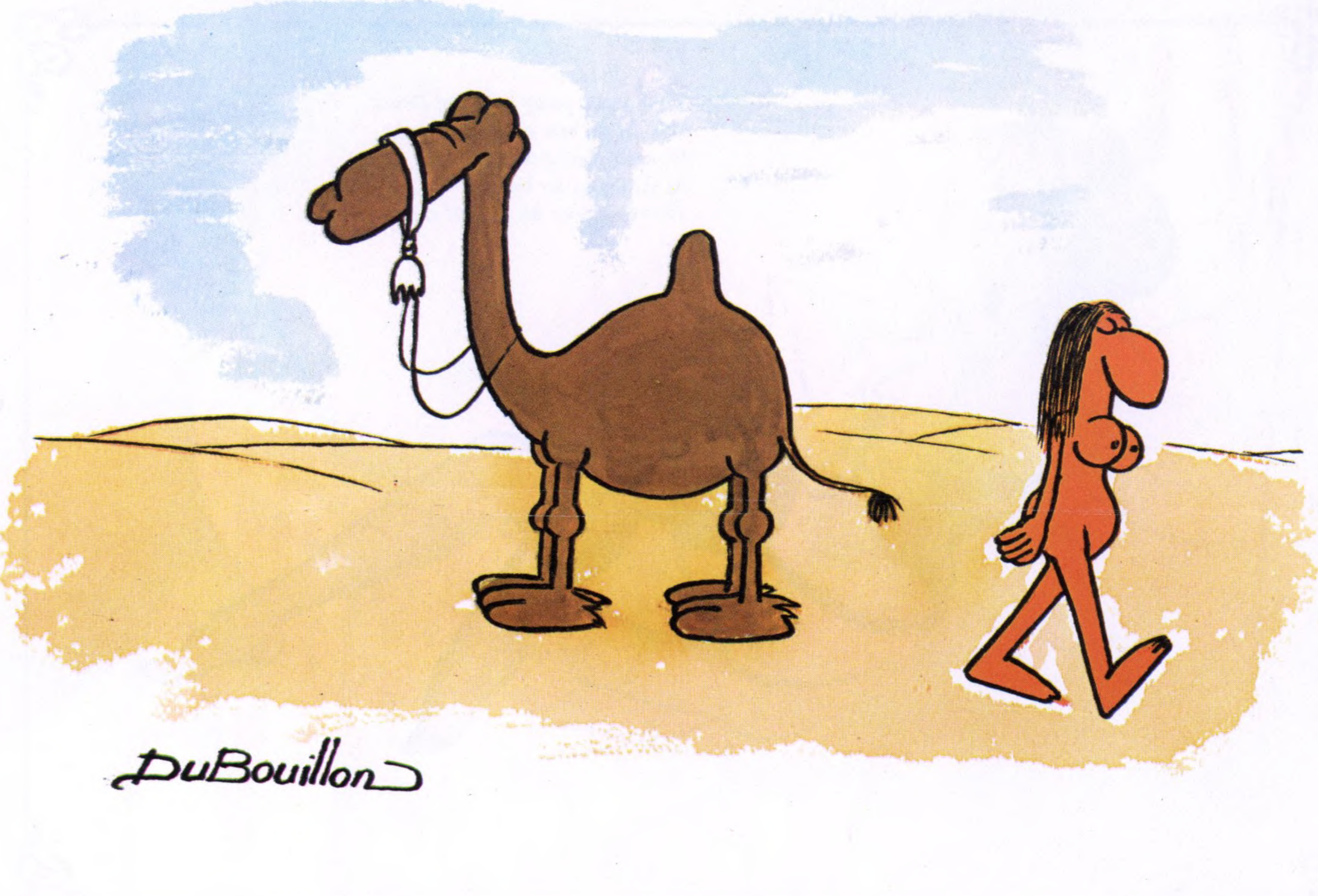
A thrifty young lady of Shoreham,
Made brown-paper knickers and wore'em.
She looked nice and neat
Till she bent in the street
To pick up a pin – then she tore'em.

There was a young nun of Kilkyre,
Who was smitten by carnal desire.
The immediate cause
Was the abbess's drawers
She had hung up to dry by the fire.

There was a young lady from Gloucester
Met a passionate fellow who tossed her.
She wasn't much hurt,
But he dirtied her skirt –
Oh! think of the anguish it cost her.

There was a young lady from Dorset,
Who let the boss see her new corset.
He wrote there a cheque,
As she lay on her back,
Then took down his pants to endorse it.




DuBouillon

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JON MILTON

OOOCH... SPANKS AWFULLY

a tender guide to an oddly English pastime

by David Lewis

As men of the world, we might as well face the oddly amusing fact that a remarkable number of Englishmen find enchantingly erotic the notion of spanking a pretty girls' bottom.

A 19th century writer, Hector France, describes the English attachment to the rod as 'an institution very ancient and truly national. An entirely Anglo-Saxon vice'.

He goes on to say that the spread of flagellation-mania among people of every rank and age of English society is further evidence that it is a specific national quality, and not a passion limited to a small circle of sensualists. He then names generals, admirals, colonels, captains, bishops, judges, lords, members of the House of Commons and doctors as devotees of the rod. 'The same can be said of the female sex, amongst whom the use of the rod is not confined to the lower classes but is prevalent in the highest circles.'

Indeed so fascinated were the ladies of 19th century Britain by flagellation that they formed their own 'whipping clubs'. One of these is described in a booklet entitled 'The Merry Order of St Bridget.' Whether this is fact or fiction based on fact, it gives an interesting and certainly accurate description of the kind of thing which took place.

In the account a girl named Margaret Anson is employed as a maid in a house which is the headquarters for one of these 'whipping clubs', called the Merry Order of St Bridget. Its aims were 'the wholesome and pleasant discipline of the rod, to be enforced by its members upon one another during their social meetings.'

Every candidate had to swear an oath and undergo an initiation ceremony. Margaret Anson describes what took place after she had sworn allegiance to the Order.

After being blindfolded she is prepared by having her clothes pulled up around her shoulders and held there with pins. 'They led me forward, and at the first step a stinging blow fell on my hips from one side and then from the other, till I had gone the length of the room. I screamed and struggled but it was all in vain; my guides held me tight and by the time they stopped I could only sob and writhe. Then came another command: 'Kneel down,' and I knelt in front on the square ottoman. The ladies held my hands across it and Lady C. came down from her dais, and whipped me till I hardly knew where I was.' After this she had the blindfold removed and was welcomed to the Order. She finds that every lady is holding a rod, made up of lithe and strong twigs tied up with ribbons that corresponded with the colours of her dress.' She is then presented with her own rod and allowed to join the company . . . 'in readiness to do to the next comer as the ladies had done to me.'

Another such club met in Jermyn Street near Piccadilly Circus and consisted of twelve ladies from the most aristocratic families in the land. They would divide themselves into two groups of six, the one group to receive the floggings the other to hand it out. They would then reverse the positions. Before the beatings took place, however, either a written speech or an impromptu talk was given on some aspect of flagellation. The whipping was started by the club's President whilst the others watched. A report in the Bon Ton Magazine reports: 'Sometimes the order starts at the calves and goes up to the posterior until the whole region, as Shakespeare says, from milk-white "becomes one red".'

Outside the special establishments and the private school rooms the flagellation fanatics could prove a serious menace. For many years London was terrorised by the activities of 'Whipping Tom'. He was so skilful in lifting up the skirts of passing ladies and delivering a sharp smack that many swore he had super natural powers. His territory was the Fleet Street, Chancery Lane area. A contemporary report makes amusing reading, though his startled victims can hardly have been humoured by his activities.

'Unawares seizes upon such as he can conveniently light on and turning them up as nimble as an Eel makes their Butt ends cry Spanko; and then (according to those who have felt the weight of his paws) vanished . . . His first adventure, as near as we can learn, was on a Servant Maid in

Perhaps the best known of the 19th century whipping clubs was the 'ladies- only' Merry Order

New Street, who being sent out to look her Master, as she was turning a Corner, perceived a Tall black Man standing up against the wall, as if he had been making water, but she had not passed for, but with great speed and violence seized her and in a trice laying her across his knee, took up her Linnen, and lay'd so hard upon her Backside as made her cry out most piteously for help, the which he no sooner perceived to approach (as she declares) but he vanished; and although a diligent search was made no person could be found.'

As women formed 'whipping clubs' so too did aristocratic males provide for their satisfaction and amusement. One such club was run by a man with the pseudonym of 'Colonel Spanker'. They rented a house in Mayfair and installed a former brothel modom. Her job was to procure girls for orgies and assist in flagellation.

At first 'Colonel Spanker' and his blue-blooded friends used poor women from the streets, such as flower girls, who were perfectly willing to be whipped if the money was right. But they found that these creatures 'lacked sensitivity and modesty which became quite disagreeable . . .' So they procured two young women of gentle birth who were beaten and tortured for their pleasure.

In the privacy of their own homes flagellomaniacs both male and female could act out their fantasies on helpless children, maids and pages or on one another.

Where husbands and wives beat each other there was probably little harm done, but if children were punished by floggings which were really no more than an excuse for venting sadistic tendencies considerable mental as well as physical damage could be inflicted.

One man described his childhood beatings to the American researcher Professor R G Van Yelyr. His mother died when he was seven and his father married again two years later. His step-mother was extremely young and pretty, she was also a sadist.

Hardly had the couple returned from their honeymoon when the step-mother went to work. As soon as his father had left the house she called the boy into her room and produced a short whip from the cupboard. Then she undressed him and laid him across her knee to administer a savage beating.

At first he screamed and struggled, begging her to stop. But after several beatings the pain became no more than a warm, rather pleasant sensation. Sometimes she beat him with a slipper instead of the whip. Before long he was looking forward to the punishments which took place twice a week.

Later his father divorced his step-mother but the memory of the punishments he had at her hand, and the image of her face as she beat him, never left the man's memory. In later life he became a dedicated flagellomaniac and flogged his own children. So the sadistic perversion was passed from one generation to the next.

Soon after she opened her famous 'establishment' at 28 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, the redoubtable Theresa Berkley received the following urgent plea from a wealthy client.

'Honoured Lady,

I am an ill-behaved young man and quite incorrigible! The most celebrated tutors in London have chastised me but have been unable to correct my wilfulness . . . (he goes on to detail them).

Finally honoured lady, I received an introduction from your close friend Count G. which caused me to jump for joy, because I have been told of your famous apparatus, the Chevalet, which should succeed in punishing sufficiently undisciplined young men like myself.

I will come to see you at the beginning of February when I am in London with the Count where Parliamentary duties await us; but in order that there shall be no misunderstanding between us, I herewith give you a list of my requirements.

1. It is necessary that I shall be securely fastened to the Chevalet with chains which I will bring along to your residence myself.

of St Bridget. Its aim was described as 'the wholesome and pleasant discipline of the rod'

2. A pound sterling for the first blood drawn.
3. Two pounds sterling if the blood runs down to my heels.
4. Three pounds sterling if my heels are bathed in blood.
5. Four pounds sterling if the blood reaches the floor.
6. Five pounds sterling if you succeed in making me lose consciousness.

I am, honoured lady,
your quite incorrigible,
'O'

This remarkable letter was discovered amongst the personal effects of Mrs Berkley after her death in September 1836. Whether or not the 'incorrigible O' found the satisfaction he so eagerly sought isn't however recorded.

It is more than probable that he did. Of all the houses in London which specialised in flogging their clients Theresa Berkley's was the best regarded and most famous. London society called her the 'queen of flagellation' and, in a space of only eight years, she amassed a fortune of £10,000.

A great deal of her fame and reputation came through an invention she made in 1828. This was the Chevalet or Berkley horse which 'O' mentions with such excitement in his letter. Its purpose was to make the flogging of her clients more efficient, more painful and therefore more satisfying. It had soon become famous all over Europe and is still in use. A model was taken across the Channel to Paris for the great Exhibition of 1900 where, according to a contemporary report, 'it was put to much practical use and greatly appreciated by the men of the world'.

Basically the Berkley horse was an adjustable ladder which could be extended to a considerable length. The victim was strapped onto it with leather thongs, holes being left for his head and genitals.

In her Memoirs Mrs Berkley includes a copper plate of the horse in action. She is pictured flogging a man lashed to the horse whilst a girl in a low cut dress sits on a chair beneath the horse.

But the horse was only part of Mrs Berkley's great success. She was an excellent business woman, but more than that she enjoyed her work. As a writer of the period says: 'She possessed the first great requirement of a courtesan namely lubricity. For without herself being licentious, a woman cannot long keep up an inclination to such activity'.

The same writer gives a detailed description of her arsenal of instruments, which she could justly claim to be more complete than any other governess in London. They were kept with the greatest of care, in the same way that any true craftsman regards the tools of their trade. The writer explains: 'Rods were kept in water so that they should always be green and supple. She had a dozen tapering thong whips, a dozen cat-o'-nine-tails studded with needle points, various kinds of thin, supple switches, leather straps as thick as traces, curry-combs and ox-hide straps studded with nails, which had become tough and hard from constant use, also holly and gorse and a prickly evergreen called "butcher's bush". During the summer, glass and Chinese vases were kept filled with green nettles with which the "dead were often brought to life again".'

But though the queen, Theresa Berkley wasn't the only highly regarded or wealthy flagellation artist to be found in London. There was a Mrs James whose house was located at 7 Carlisle Street, Soho. She started life as a poor servant in the household of Lord Clanricarde but soon discovered that more money was to be made beating men than beating carpets. Within a short time she had made enough money to buy a fashionable house in Notting Hill. There, surrounded by fine antique furniture, jewellery and oil paintings, she lived out her days as a respectable gentlewoman.

At the beginning of the 19th century a Mrs Collet had such a reputation for 'subtle flagellation' that George IV is said, on excellent authority, to have been amongst her clients. On her retirement the business passed into the care of her niece who managed it most efficiently from a house in 22 Waterloo Road.

But if these places were the haunt of the aristocratic and wealthy there were plenty of ordinary prostitutes in 19th century London who would provide a similar, if less expert service, for a modest sum.

These woman could be identified by a nosegay worn in a special manner. They soon became known as 'nosegays of lechery' and were a common sight in Vauxhall pleasure gardens in the 18th and early 19th century.

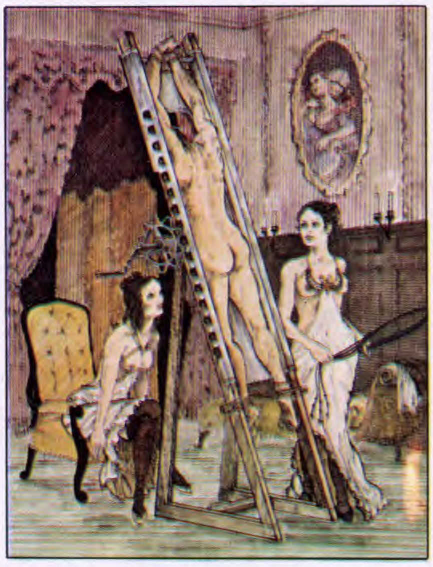
So poular and widespread was the love of flagellation amongst all ranks of British society, though especially in the higher social stratas, that the French pityingly termed the affliction the *maladie anglaise*. It was quite incomprehensible to the majority of Europeans. Dr Iwan Bloch, the famous sexologist, confirms that England had a most unsavoury reputation throughout Continental Europe as the home and headquarters of flogging.

Much of this interest and appetite for flogging amongst the British of the 19th century can be attributed to ritualised beatings, commonplace in schools, the armed services and as judicial punishment.

So widespread was the use of flogging in the Navy that Winston Churchill, irritated by being informed by the Admiralty that one of his proposals was contrary to Naval tradition, snapped back: 'I'll tell you what that tradition is gentleman. Rum, sodomy and the lash'.

With the possible exception of hard liquor exactly the same could be said of almost every British educational establishment. From the humble village school to the great colleges of Harrow, Eton and Westminster.

One of the most notorious schoolmasters in the literature of flagellation is undoubtedly Dr Keate of Eton who birched his way through generation after generation of boys for a quarter of a century. It was said, with more than a little truth, that he knew the bared backsides of his pupils better than he did their faces.



Found in Paris, this is thought to be the only engraving of Mrs Berkley's 'horse'

At that time the Eton cane was longer and heavier than rods used in any other public school, being 4 ft 6 in in length and weighing 12 ounces. Floggings took place over a birching-block, or with the unfortunate boy grasped firmly across the back of a school porter. Trousers were lowered, shirts tucked up and the punishments frequently took place in public.

Prefects were, and still are, allowed to beat junior boys. At Christ's Hospital a variation on the theme was the rule which said two boys caught fighting should be made to flog one another. The birch used in this school was 2 ft 8 in long and weighed only 3 ounces.

But at Winchester they did away with the normal birch entirely and used a special rod, made up from apple twigs in a wooden holder, and said to have been invented by Dr Bacher who was the school's head from 1454 to 1487. Two boys were given the job of 'rod makers' and had to supply a sufficient quantity of this instrument. For a beating the boy was made to kneel down. His bottom was bared and he received either four strokes – a 'scrubber' or six strokes – a 'biblical'.

Nor were girls exempt from this reign of brutality and terror which seems to have been a national disease in the 18th and 19th centuries. The following description sets the tone: 'If . . . it was considered that we ought to be punished, we had to go to the teacher's desk and after a deep curtsey, ask to be allowed to fetch the cane. Permission was given with much ceremony, and we went out and came back without gloves and with the cane on a cushion'.

There were three grades of punishment. One was carried out in private, the other two before the assembled school. The deeply ritualised punishment was detailed in its procedure, even down to a special dress which the victims had to wear. One girl was beaten in this way for kleptomania. A student describes what took place: 'She was a very pretty girl and in size and appearance quite grown-up, but she stood there as if a caning were quite a natural occurrence. She was beautifully dressed in green brocade with a white silk underdress, and many pretty ornaments. Miss Pomeroy rang and said to the servant: 'Prepare her!' The girl curtsied and asked permission to take off her gloves. Then the young lady offered the cane to Miss Pomeroy on her knees, after which she was led by two teachers to a desk and fastened down'. (This meant being bent over the desk, having the wrists lashed and the feet held in a sort of wooden stocks). 'Miss Pomeroy then beat her so severely that red weals were to be seen all over the white skin. After the punishment all her limbs trembled, her face glowed and her eyes sparkled'.

The sexual elements in all these beatings needs no elaboration. But even more harm was likely to be inflicted on the future psychological state of the child when such floggings happened in mixed schools.

Pisanus Fraxi has an interesting description of such a beating which he obtained from a man he knew well. This man attended a preparatory school where boys and girls were under the authority of a woman who used the cane on all possible occasions and with the utmost severity. Boys and girls were whipped freely in each others presence. Girls were put across the knee, or held under the arm of a servant, the boys held across her back. It is in this context that the man held his most vivid memories. The servant girl was a big-busted woman who thoroughly enjoyed the beating sessions. When she was called upon to hold a small boy on her back, she would deliberately arrange her dress so that the child's clasped hands were in contact with her naked flesh. 'We could feel her bosom.' Pisanus' friend recalled, 'the movements of which gave us a very pleasant sensation. Many boys got themselves punished purposely in order to experience this. Although forty years have passed since then, my memory of it is as clear as if it had been yesterday.'

Comment would seem to be superfluous, except to wonder what this school was preparatory for. Unless its purpose was to produce clients for Mrs Berkley and her colleagues in chastisement.

Apart from the sadistic schoolmasters who derived obvious sexual satisfaction from their ability to flog with legal impunity, many outsiders were able to bribe their way into schools in order to see such punishments being inflicted.

Sometimes aristocratic ladies and gentlemen whose charity endowed a work house or paupers school, would make up parties for the purpose of visiting the establishment when floggings were handed out.

In the 'Schoolmaster's little Dinner', by an anonymous author, we get an insight into the sort of conditions which were certainly fairly common amongst the smaller, privately owned schools.

A teacher in North-Yorkshire is invited to have dinner with a colleague and finds himself in the company of two other teachers as they go into the dining-room. He describes the remarkable sight which met his eyes on entering the room.

'In the four corners of the room were four candelabras, apparently held by four boys with naked posteriors. They were tied up and the hands so fastened that it looked as if they held up the candelabras.' After the first course the four teachers set about flogging the boy's naked buttocks, then sat down to eat again 'with great appetite' the headmaster crunching the bones with his teeth 'as though they were those of the boys he had just punished.'

It was at Christ's Hospital that a notorious incident took place involving a man of some distinction, Sir Eyre Coote who was a frequent visitor to the school. A maid opened a door without knocking and discovered the nobleman with his pants around his ankles, bending over a desk and being flogged by a pupil. It transpired that he frequently bribed the boys to take, or give, beatings. At the time the case caused a sensation but the matter was eventually hushed up.

In such a fine training ground it is hardly surprising that the product of these schools was a developed sado-masochist. Today Britain can no longer claim a special distinction for her flagellation tendencies. Not that there has been very much diminishing of interest (though many schools have now abolished corporal punishment it is still widely used in the home), but the rest of the world has largely caught up with us. Indeed the Americans can even claim to have taken over the *maladie anglaise* and mechanised it. They have invented a 'flogging seat' in which the half-naked victim sits to be very expertly and thoroughly flogged by electrically driven scourges.

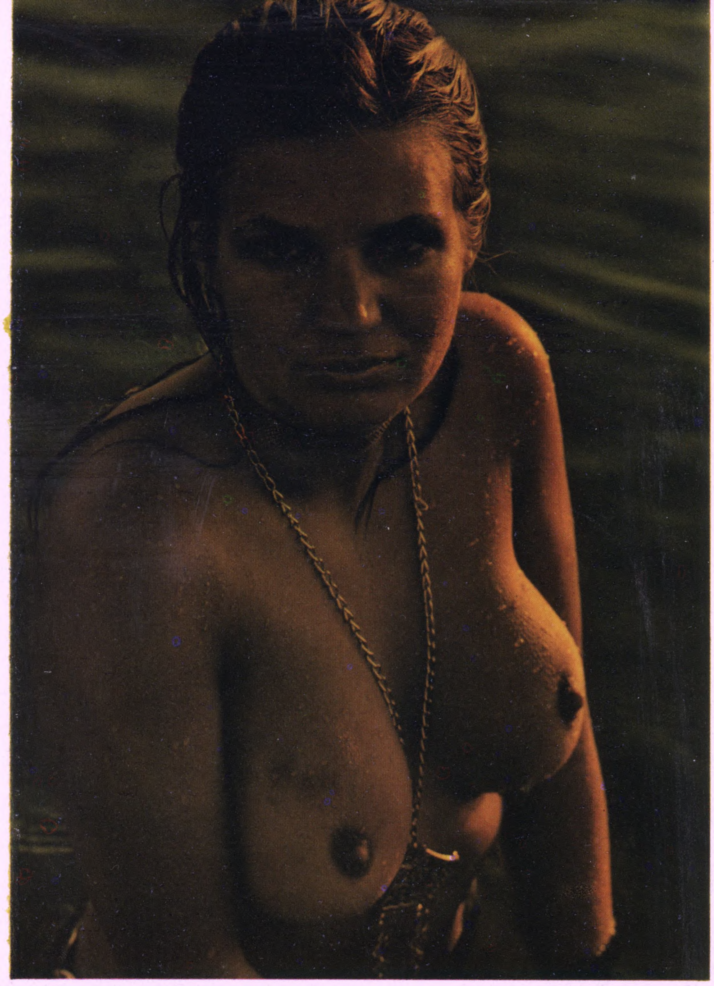
What Mrs. Berkley would have thought about such a device we can only guess. Probably whilst deploring the dangers to her profession by the prospect of increased mechanisation, she would have praised the spirit in which it had been created. Like George Coleman in his satirical poem *The Rodiad* she firmly believed that flagellation was:

'Delightful sport! whose never failing charm,
Makes young blood tingle and keeps old blood warm.'

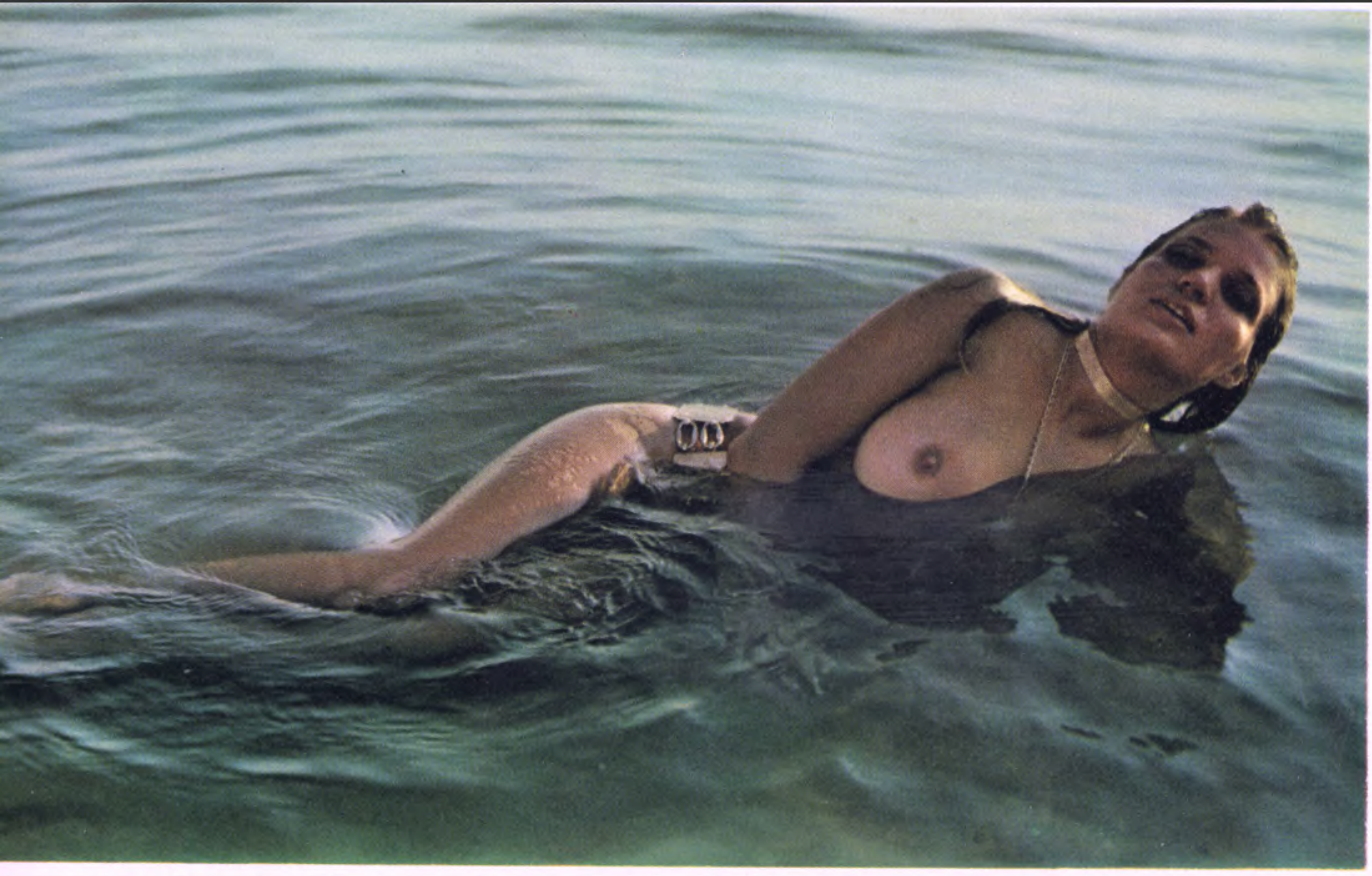
Imogen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALINOWSKI

We found Imogen on the marshes by Chichester in Sussex, basking in the first warm sunrays of spring. But then she wasn't nipple-sharp naked – she was stitched taut into faded blue jeans, wearing an old seaman's sweater as she clumped along in rubber boots, walking fast and alone in the tall reeds to sniff the sea. For a while we walked together, heels deep in ooze and silt. Once she took off her boots to roll those jeans to squirm in primitive enjoyment in the cold mud. Later, drinking by the Roman Landing we talked far into the night, and finally, Imogen 22, agreed to take off her clothes and reveal that 37–24–37 we'd been admiring all day. Later that same day – or was it the next day? – she undressed easily among the wind blasted sand and reeds. Then



we realised that there was nothing soft, weak or half-formed about the woman in the reeds. Strong, muscled thighs matched those jutting breasts and promised warmth and, to a few men, infinite pleasure. We stayed in those reeds for hours, it seemed. Go there now and you will find nothing, not even a sand-filled footprint to mark Imogen's passing. She was there and now she has gone. A strong, direct girl of fierce loyalty and basic, almost primordial passion, crouched among the rough beginnings of summer. If you're down there this summer – remember we gave you her pictures. More than that is up to you.



Sophie. In colour. On film. For you.

Alone in a train compartment, air hostess Sophie spills her duty-free drink over her uniform and decides to change. And that's when you come in. We think it's a powerful thought - and we have just made a powerful film to prove it. Sophie, the girl you raved about. In 100 feet of colour film, she shows how well equipped she is to cope up in the air or anywhere else. She takes off that crisp, tight uniform and . . . It's a bargain. For sure. Sophie looks really fabulous on film.

Above and at right: Sophie as she first appeared in Mayfair. Far right, air hostess Sophie as she appears in our full-colour film.

Each Mayfair colour film – and there are four now – costs £5·50. Each is approximately 100 feet long and gives you an unrivalled chance to see our girls in living, moving colour. (All prices, incidentally, include postage and packing.) Technically speaking, the films are all 8mm. Today there are two types of 8mm film – Super 8 and Standard 8. Please check which one will suit your projector before ordering as the films are not interchangeable, unfortunately.

If you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 gives the larger image. If you don't own a projector we've arranged for Arrowtabs Hand Movie projectors to be available to our readers. They're made of styrene with nylon bearings and are worked by turning a crank handle. They have their own light source and any frame can be frozen instantly for closer inspection. The viewer (pictured on left) comes as either Standard 8 or Super 8. Both cost £2·40.

Sophie's our newest arrival. Below are the other films:

If you like blondes you'll love our Caroline. Caroline Dell. The first ever Mayfair dolly to be filmed specially for our readers who'd been clamouring for more since her first appearance in our pages. Watch this micro-skirted swinger dance specially for you – and just watch what happens to her clothes.

If you like 'em black and you like 'em big – then Sylvia is the one for you. The name implies something almost genteel. Don't believe it. Sylvia is all woman – and a lot more as well. Watch those gigantic, passion-tipped breasts move and sway as she struggles out of the clothes that hamper her.

Victoria Jane. There's a ring to that name that somehow manages to capture the full English roundness of our Mayfair film girl number three. Watch what happens to Jane's full, lush form when she washes the mud from her dog after a walk. As you can imagine, the soap suds get everywhere. That's right – everywhere.

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2

Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for……………………………

Please send me……………Arrow Hand Movie Viewer(s). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply). I enclose cheque/postal order for…………………………

Name……………………………………………………………………………………………(I am over 18)

Address ……………………………………………………………………………………………

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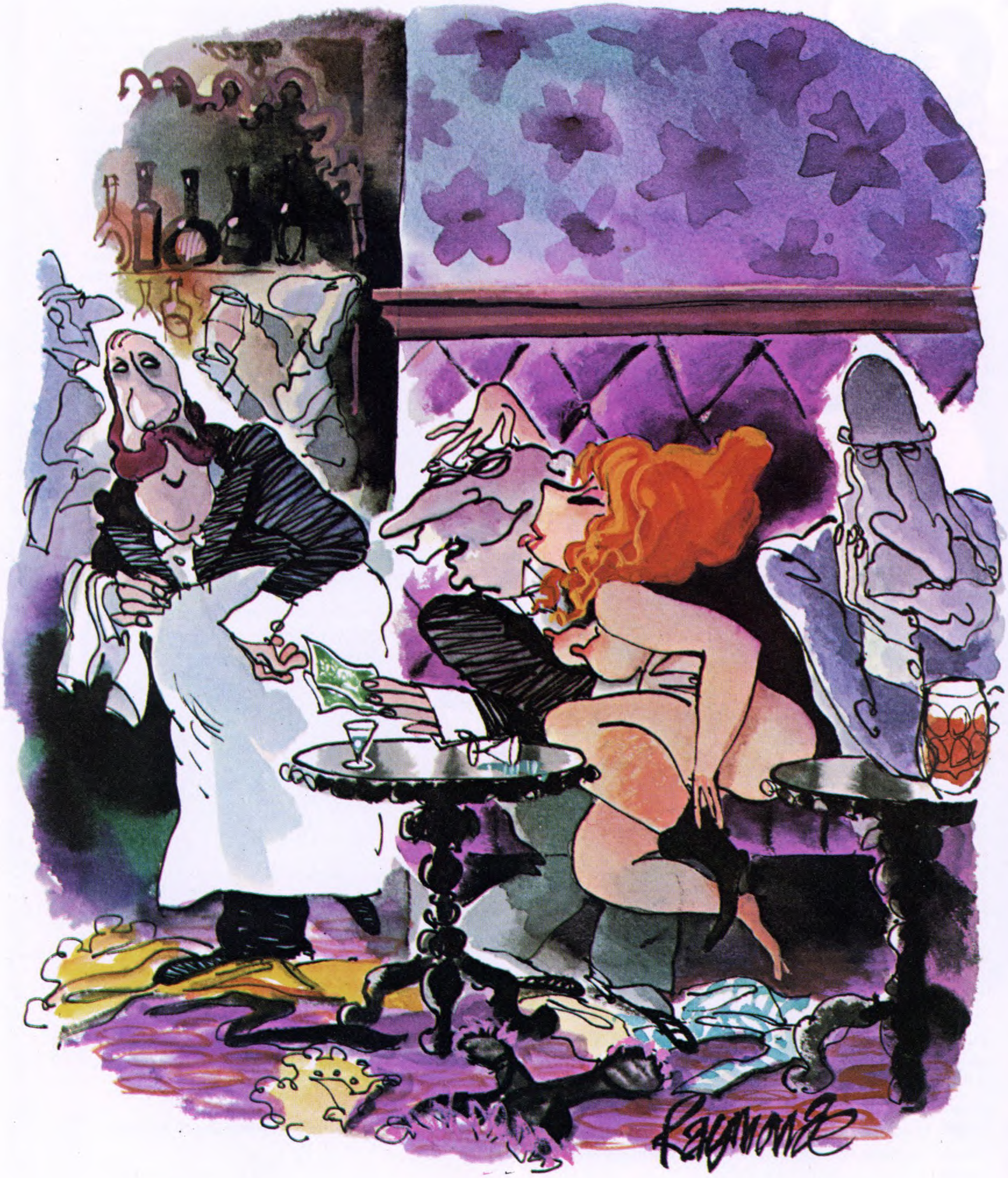
If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please.



"My compliments to the bartender"

QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Four

This month we begin a new Quest series. Amid the crashing din caused by the breakdown of social and sexual barricades there is a small unheard cry. It is the voices of girls for whom walls still exist. Not from choice but from their status, their studies, their jobs or their location. Of these the most obvious is the nurse, whose long hours and confined quarters must have a curtailing effect on her social, and therefore sexual, life. How do girls like nurses react? Do they compensate in their jobs, gaining the love of patients as a substitute for the love of men? Or do they in their rarer moments of freedom incline to sexual abandon? This we investigate

INTRODUCTION

This month we begin a new and rather unusual Quest survey. In all the loud din caused by the breaking down of social and sexual barricades a small plaintive cry has been lost. It is a reminder that for some girls the main barriers have not broken. There are, in fact, in Britain today a reasonable number of girls who are kept in partial isolation through their status, their jobs, their studies, or their location. The most obvious of these is perhaps the nurse. So much of her time is spent in the service of the hospital that her social and sexual life must suffer. It is no use telling her that she need no longer have inhibitions about her boy friend if there is a ten foot hospital wall between her and her lover. What is the effect of this partial isolation on girls in this position? Do they become frustrated, inhibited, and awkward with men? Or do they explode with sexual fervour on the rarer occasions when they escape the confines? More subtly, do they use their limited opportunities as an excuse for sexual abandon? This survey attempts to throw light on the situation through the interviews given by girls in this position.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One Nurse, 26 years old, raven-haired, place of origin, village in South Wales

This interviewee was brought up in a Welsh coal mining village and on leaving school became a nurse. She is now a theatre sister, highly thought of at the hospital. At the time of the incidents described here she was 22.

Quest: Looking back on your time as a nurse, which period was the most frustrating?

Nurse: For me personally, when I was a second year student.

Quest: Why?

Nurse: I suppose because I felt the loneliness more. Not loneliness for people, you must understand. A loneliness of the soul. There were so many pleasant girls there, they were marvellous, but I suppose I wanted a boy to whisper in the dark to.

Quest: And you had no boy friend at that time?

Nurse: There was not the time to meet them. I got out so rarely, it was a crying shame. I did meet one or two boys but I could never meet them when they wanted or go out at week-ends.

Quest: At that time had you had sex?

Nurse: Oh, the questions you do ask . . . Well, yes, I think that was the trouble. The previous winter when I was on holiday I had had sexual intercourse with a boy at home. There I am telling you everything with never a blush. My mother would be so shocked if she knew . . .

Quest: About your telling or about having sex?

Nurse: The both I shouldn't wonder. But she doesn't read Mayfair, you can be sure of that.

Quest: She might learn something from it.

Nurse: So might my dad . . .

Quest: What sort of thing might your father learn?

Nurse: That girls have hair between their legs, I shouldn't wonder. He always treated me as if I was a china doll who would never be tormented by the evils of sex.

Quest: But you were tormented?

Nurse: And I fell. Terrible, isn't it?

Quest: When did you fall?

Nurse: I was just telling you. That holiday. He was a boy in my village. He had a bad reputation. Dan the Ram he was called. We girls weren't supposed to know that. He took a great fancy to me when I was home on holiday. There was no one else about, of course. Who but nurses take their holidays in winter in a Welsh colliery village? Dan was there because he wasn't working. Supposed to have hurt his lungs. A likely story. Anyway, he talked to me. I had known him since I was a girl. We walked on the mountain and he took me to the cinema in . . . He tried to undo the buttons on my blouse. He wouldn't stop chattering on about how nice my breasts were. I told him to stop but it was nice to feel a man's hands weighing them. There, I'm telling you all my secrets. I wasn't surprised when he tried to get his hands in my panties. I closed my legs fast and he didn't get anywhere. I saw him several times and then he seemed to give up. I was quite sorry. Anyway, on this dark evening I took my dog for a walk. I always go down the back garden path and there by the garden shed was Dan. I said 'Hello Dan' and he said 'L . . . , I am mad about you.' He sounded so sincere. I said 'Oh Dan' and we were in one another's arms. I kissed him so passionately. He then took my hand and led me into the shed. I had this sweater and skirt on. His hands were under my sweater before I could say anything and suddenly he was undoing the clip of my bra. When he felt my breasts I heard him gasp. I knew I had made an impression. It was just before my period and they were very big and heavy. I was leaning against him and I was not prepared for what he did next. I thought he would try and put his hand up my skirt but none of that. He just unbuttoned it at the side and undid the zip and it dropped round my feet. I went to protest but he stopped my mouth with a kiss and when I felt his hand on my bottom I did not want him to stop. He pulled me to him and I could feel him against me like a hot iron. He was pulling me down on the floor and I said 'Dan, there's no room.' But there was. The cunning man had put down a blanket. When we sank on this blanket I felt his teeth on my nipple. He was so gentle and I felt so big. He was tracing patterns with his finger and he went down my tummy and I knew where he was going but I could not find it in my heart to stop him.

Quest: And where was he going?

Nurse: Where else, but in my panties. I remember thinking well, it'll not do any harm. I wasn't going to open my legs at all but then I felt his finger teasing me, it didn't try to move inside it just slid about on the lips, you know, and I wanted him to do just a little more. He gradually moved a little more and then he touched my button and I shivered. That was my undoing. I moaned and turned towards him. It was such a sexy kiss I shall remember it all my life. My mouth and my legs opened at the same time. There, am I not a terrible woman?

Quest: Not at all. What happened next?

Nurse: With his finger he explored me as a pot holer explores a cave. I was open to him. Every nook and cranny and I was groaning as if I was in pain. He told me so. He made me feel different from all the dullness I had felt for so long. I am trying to be logical about it, you understand. All I know, was that when he took my panties down my legs I did not mind one bit and I had always said to myself that no man would do that until we were engaged, at least, and sure that if we went too far we could always get married a little quicker.

Quest: And did you go too far?

Nurse: I did, I confess it. He had unbuttoned himself, how I do not know, and when he had taken my panties off my ankles he pulled me to him. I felt so free, you know, without panties. Though it was cold on the bottom that winter night. When he pulled me towards him I was so warm and wet and smelling of woman, do you understand?

Quest: Perfectly.

Nurse: And when he pulled me to him I felt his member was bare. I was very shocked and went to pull away. But he said it was all right and indeed for a long time he just had the helmet, as we say in the hospital, pressed gently against me. But then he was more insistent and was pressing more. I knew what would happen only too well. I was too ready for him you understand for me to be able to stop. I said 'No, no, Dan, you do not have any contraceptives,' and he said 'Oh so that's it, you only go with city men who have contraceptives.' 'No it's not, Dan,' I said 'You know it's not.' And Dan was silent and then in that deep chapel voice of his he said 'Prove it. Go on,' he said, 'prove it.' And then I thought that tomorrow would be my period because I am very regular and nothing could happen. So I said back to him 'No, you prove it.' I think he was surprised. He pushed gently at me, and I know he opened his eyes and looked at me when he didn't think I was watching. I wasn't going to help him very much but when he slipped in a little bit I couldn't help myself.

Quest: Weren't you a virgin, didn't he have difficulty?

Nurse: I don't think many nurses are virgins in that sense. Dan had no difficulty. He went right in. He was too rough. He was trying to pull my bottom apart at the seams. He was hurting me a lot but it was marvellous to be had by a real man, if you understand.

Quest: And did he make love to you often?

Nurse: Never again. I felt so ashamed the morning after. Even the dog looked at me reproachfully.

Quest: But you did have sex with other men?

Nurse: That's what we were talking about at the beginning if you remember. It isn't so easy to meet men when you are a nurse. That's why we can act so wantonly when we do get out.

Quest: And do you act wantonly at the hospital?

Nurse: I did once, I admit it.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Nurse: It was only once mind.

Quest: Of course.

Nurse: It had been a particularly difficult week at the hospital and on my evening off I wanted to go out. I would have liked to have gone to the cinema but as always happens there is nothing good on when you want to go. They had all been showing the previous week. Anyway, my friend Miranda, said that she and her boyfriend were going down to the White Lion (name changed). It is one of those pubs that gets packed with students and people because the music is good. It's very noisy and lively. I wasn't feeling like that sort of evening but I thought it was better than nothing. Anyway, down we all go and there in this pub is the most gorgeous man, very dark, like Heathcliffe in the novel. In pubs like that you all get talking, it's impossible not to, and I met him.

Quest: You mean he picked you up?

Nurse: You could put it that way but it's a bit unkindly. The fact was, I found he was Welsh too and we were chatting away nineteen to the dozen. Then with the singing he joined in and it was lovely to hear a rich Welsh voice again. He put his arm round me and I was leaning on his shoulder. We were drinking halves of bitter and perhaps I drank more than I usually do. I know that I felt very sentimental for wales and the village.

Quest: And for Dan the Ram?

Nurse: Who knows, perhaps even for that. As it happened, in the course of the evening we lost the others a bit and he took me outside, and down the side alley he kissed me. He wanted to do more but I was very prim. I had, after all, only just met him. When we left the pub he said he would walk me back to the hospital. We were holding hands like two school kids, but it was then I had my doubts. He was a lot older than me and I thought 'a man like that must be married'. So I asked him. He admitted that he was. I was very cast down by that. In my mind we were already spending a happy summer together and here he was a married man. I asked him about children and he said he had two. I could not bring myself to ask more. We got back to the hospital and he led me to a dark little spot where all the nurses go with their boyfriends.

Quest: He led you. He had done this before?

Nurse: No, he had not. He asked where we should go and I showed him. I was leaning against the wall and he was in front of me, his hands on the wall either side of me. We talked for some time and I heard the clock strike for the time when they shut the gates. Just then he kissed me and that altered everything. He was so passionate, so sincere in his kiss. He stood back and looked at me and the tears were rolling down my face. We sort of leapt at each other in a wild embrace. I felt I didn't want to go back into the hospital I wanted to do wild crazy things. His big thumbs were on my breasts pushing at the nipples. I wanted to be hurt, to be crushed. I was wearing this long coat which had been opened so no one could see anything even if they passed. Donald, that was his name, just took his great hands and undid the buttons of my blouse. I can see him now. He was so intent on what he was doing. When he had my buttons undone he just hitched up my bra and my breasts came out. I remember how he gasped. He lowered his head and was kissing me there until my nipples were like stalks. He was making me moan, my head was thrown back. I felt I was beginning to live again. When I felt him undoing the buttons of my skirt, I almost rejoiced.

Quest: What sort of skirt was it?

Nurse: It was my new midi skirt and it buttoned all the way down the front. I was wearing my boots and some hold-up stockings I had bought in London. They give me a sexy feeling and I think they have the same effect on men. I felt his big hand on my panties. An enormous hand, it was. He was grasping me in one, and was feeling for me back and front if you know.

Quest: I think so.

Nurse: It was just what I wanted in my mood. To be really squeezed by a passionate man. His thumb went inside my elastic and as soon as he felt me he knew he was welcome. His thumb felt almost like a man's organ, it was that large. When he began to pull at my panties I thought he was just getting them out of the way but he made me, if you please, step out of them foot by foot as he held them by my knees. When he pulled me to him after that, the feel of his cold hands on my bottom reminded me of Dan. Then he pushed me away from him a bit and unzipped himself. He was not as big as I thought he would be and I remember thinking 'I don't think that can do me much harm'. We just stayed like that he didn't try to do anything he just left it between us, so to speak. And then he kissed me so very gently and I felt myself moving against him like a snake. I could feel him pressed against me and then I felt that big hand come down between me legs and gently push my legs apart. He leant back against the wall and I rested on him. I felt the head of it against me right where I was warmest. He went in so gently I hardly realised it at first. Very gently he went in and out and I felt this grand warm glow spreading from my loins all through my body and faster and faster he went and neither of us said a word. When it came it came fast and he pulled me right to him and I felt him spilling inside me. I just did not care. He told me afterwards that he intended to pull out before it happened but I was too passionate for him to spoil it for me. I believe him, too.

Quest: And there were no unfortunate after effects?

Nurse: Just a stained skirt and torn stockings. I had to get over the wall. I never did find my pants. I think they must have dropped out of my pocket.

Quest: I meant you did not become pregnant?

Nurse: Praise be, no. But I told myself I had been a silly girl and would never do it again.

Quest: And have you done it again?

Nurse: I haven't really had the opportunity. Nurses don't meet many men.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Personnel assistant, 22 years old, blonde, town of origin Goole.**

This interviewee had a private education and for most of this time was at a fairly well-known girls' boarding school. Upon leaving school she trained as an interviewer and is now an assistant in the personnel department of a large American-owned company. She is single and shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: You were talking about your schooldays earlier. The Black Hole, you said.

Assistant: Yes, that's what we called it. My school. . . . Education for respectable young ladies and all that crap.

Quest: You don't seem to approve.

Assistant: Nor would you if you had had five years of it. No lipstick, no false eyelashes, no nylon panties, it was like prison.

Quest: But this is fairly normal school discipline.

Assistant: Yes, but why us? This was still happening when I was in the fifth form. Girls at more normal schools were wearing what they liked outside school hours, and having boy friends and generally finding out what life was about. Do you know that when I was at school, Carnaby Street was a great dream street to us? It was even suggested we shouldn't go there in our holidays. We did, of course. It's not surprising we got picked up. For all we knew it might have been the normal thing.

Quest: I'm a bit confused. Can you explain that a bit more.

Assistant: Sorry, I'm getting my knickers in a twist again. I'm always talking too fast. What the teachers always said. They couldn't even teach me that. During the holidays, Pamela, my friend, and I went to Carnaby Street. We thought it gorgeous. We went to a coffee bar in a nearby street and met some boys. They talked to us, and one of these boys put his hand up my

feel the waves going through me. It was like being a bit squiffy. I didn't even protest when he got me to step out of the dress, I just couldn't have cared. Then he took hold of my hand and put it on his trousers. I suppose it was my fault really because I undid his buttons. But I know that's what he wanted me to do. And there we were squirming away and me wedged against his little table. Then he said he wanted to make love to me, and I said 'we can't, it's too dangerous,' and he said 'No it's not, I've got a Durex.' He had too. I must have been mad. Somehow I just thought his answer completely punctured my argument. He got out this thing and rolled it on. I was utterly fascinated. In spite of all our talk I'd never seen a real SP, it seemed enormous to me, although I now know it was pretty average.

I wouldn't let him do anything, though, at first. I let him just touch me with it. But then he seemed to give up and kissed my breasts again. That, of course, finished me. There we were panting and groaning and kissing so I thought his tongue would choke me and there suddenly this thing is pushing against me. I swear I just shifted my position, but my legs must have opened just that bit and I was so ready for it that it went in. I was rigid and quite scared, but then I knew he was wearing this Durex and it was a bit late then anyway. That's about all there was to it. The rest was an anti-climax, not literally of course. He went off almost at once and I didn't have one at all. I think we were both too overwhelmed by what had happened. He told me how much he loved me and how marvellous I was, I think he wanted to stop me from crying.

But I didn't feel like crying, I felt very different from that. After I had got dressed and we walked back down this corridor hand in hand I felt warm and glowing, and my mind was going hammer, hammer, hammer. I was saying to myself over and over, 'I've had it, I've had it, I've had a boy inside me.' I was sure when I got back into the hall everyone could tell. But nobody seemed to notice a thing. I was a bit disappointed, really.

Quest: Did you see the boy again?

Assistant: No, never after that night.

Neither did he write. There was another dance a couple of months later and he wasn't even there. Everyone I asked was a bit vague about him.

Quest: And did you have sex again shortly after?

Assistant: You mean with other boys?

Quest: Yes.

Assistant: No, not while I was at school. But almost immediately I left I was invited to this 21st birthday party and I had it there with this boy whose party it was. He was nice and I think we once talked of getting engaged. But I met other boys and was having a good time.

Quest: And you had sex with them?

Assistant: With some of them, yes.

Quest: So within a few months of leaving school you were having fairly regular sex.

Assistant: Not regular, but with boys I really liked. I wasn't a nympho, you know.

Quest: What were you?

Assistant: Making up for lost time, I suppose.

Quest: Thank you.

Three **Children's nanny, 19 years old, blonde, town of origin Alnwick**

This interviewee had left school at fifteen and become a qualified children's nanny. She obviously had great determination, skill and efficiency in her chosen career. Her father had been killed in an accident when she was very young and her mother had married again. She now rarely saw her mother although she saw her sister quite frequently. She was now living away from home in the house where she was a nanny.

Quest: How long have you been a nanny?

Nanny: About five years.

Quest: Do you, in fact, do a training course?

Nanny: Some of us do. I have my NNEB – that's the certificate that shows you are qualified to look after children.

Quest: Do you enjoy being a nanny?

Nanny: Yes, very much.

Quest: What are the chief advantages?

Nanny: I think being one of the family. I didn't have much home life and so I appreciate that. If you are with a nice family, of course.

Quest: And what are the chief drawbacks to your job?

Nanny: Oh, I suppose the hours and things. I mean, it isn't every night that you can go out. It isn't easy to have a boyfriend. Not casual boyfriends, anyway.

Quest: Can you explain that a little more?

Nanny: If you have a regular boyfriend, your family can be very good. They'll let you invite him round, or he can baby-sit with you while they're out. I suppose most families accept that you're going to get married sometime and they feel an interest in the serious boyfriends. No, the difficulty is just meeting boys. On your evening off you might meet a nice one, perhaps in a coffee bar or something, and he invites you to the pictures the next night. You can't go because it isn't your night off. It's very frustrating. Not many boys are willing to wait a week.

Quest: So what happens?

Nanny: I suppose most nannies have to do without. We do have a good social life in other ways, of course, because most afternoons a group of nannies meet together in the park. You can chat and gossip. There's even a sort of grapevine because it's always somebody's night off and we mostly go to the same places so you know if a certain boy was there, or you can get a message to them, if necessary.

Quest: So what effect does this have on your sex life?

Nanny: I suppose it depends what type you are. I know one nanny who thought her night off was wasted unless she'd been with a boy . . .

Quest: Been with a boy? Do you mean had sex with him?

Nanny: Well, yes. That's what she always said. Perhaps she was making it up. But she was boy mad anyway. I suppose it might have been the same what ever she was doing.

Quest: And how about you?

Nanny: How do you mean?

Quest: Do you go sex mad when let out?

Nanny: Indeed I do not.

Quest: I was only joking. I meant do you feel frustrated if you can't meet boys whenever you feel inclined?

Nanny: Only sometimes.

Quest: Are you a virgin?

Nanny: I knew you were going to ask that.

Quest: Well, you did say you would talk to Quest?

Nanny: Yes, but it was to explain that girls like me sometimes find it hard to meet boys.

Quest: But you did say you would talk personally. No-one is going to know, after all.

Nanny: They will if you mention people or where I work.

Quest: We won't mention either.

Nanny: I know. I do trust you.

Quest: Thanks. Have you for instance ever invited a boy back to your house?

Nanny: Well, yes and no. Yes, I have twice.

Quest: Will you tell me about them.

Nanny: The first one was rather funny. I had met this boy when I'd gone to visit an aunt. I met him at the bus stop, actually. We'd sat together on the way back and I'd told him where I lived. He seemed very sure of himself but he was quite nice. One evening Mr and Mrs Brown [name changed] were going out and I was going to look after the children.

They hadn't even gone when there was a knock on the door. Mr Brown answered it. There was this boy Geoffrey. I was down the passage and rather embarrassed. I mean, he hadn't said he was calling that evening. He was very polite and he said to Mr Brown 'I hope I haven't come at an awkward time, but I'm just in town this evening and told Clare's aunt that I would call.' You could have knocked me down with a feather. He'd never met my aunt, although, of course, I had told him that I was visiting my aunt the evening I met him. Mr Brown was very nice. He said 'Oh do come in. You must excuse us, we are going out, but Clare will look after you.' I was flabbergasted.

Quest: Why?

Nanny: Well, I had from time to time met boys, and often when I was in the house alone I thought it would be nice if one of these boys could come round. I suppose I had thought of them coming round after Mr and Mrs Brown had gone out and then going before they returned. The idea of this boy with all his cheek turning up without even being asked and him being welcomed by Mr Brown like that, just amazed me. I suppose I didn't really trust him.

Quest: So what happened?

Nanny: Mr and Mrs Brown went out and Geoffrey grinned like a Cheshire Cat. 'I thought it would be nice to see you' he said. He didn't offer any other explanation. I had to smile. He just stood in the middle of the lounge and said 'Nice place you've got here,' just the way my Uncle Harold does. I asked him if he'd like a coffee, and he said yes. I went out into the kitchen and he came out and put his arms round me. I

think I knew he was going to try something like that. The kitchen curtains were not drawn and I said 'Not here' or something like that. It was silly of me.

Quest: Why?

Nanny: Because it meant I wouldn't object anywhere else, I suppose.

Quest: And would you have objected anywhere else?

Nanny: I'm not sure.

Quest: You said earlier, I think, that you felt frustrated 'sometimes'.

Nanny: Did I?

Quest: Was this one of those times?

Nanny: Not as far as I remember. I can't remember feeling like that before he came . . .

Quest: And after he came . . .?

Nanny: You do worm it out, don't you? I suppose I'm blushing.

Quest: Suppose you tell me what happened.

Nanny: We went back into the lounge with the coffee and sat on the sofa. I switched the television on but I admit it was a pretty crummy programme. Geoffrey didn't do anything until we'd finished our coffee and then he tried to kiss me.

Quest: And what did you do?

Nanny: I tried to avoid his mouth.

Quest: And were you successful?

Nanny: Not really. He took both my arms and pushed me back along the sofa. He was grinning a bit so I wasn't frightened or anything. He wasn't like a sex maniac.

Quest: And he kissed you?

Nanny: Well, I could see he wasn't going to give up very easily, and it wasn't as if I didn't like him. It was just that I thought him a bit cocky. In fact, I suppose I enjoyed it but, of course, like a lot of boys, he wanted more.

Quest: More kisses?

Nanny: No, he wanted to do open mouth kissing and things like that.

Quest: Instead of me asking specific questions all the time just tell me in your own words all that happened. Finish your drink first and then begin.

Nanny: All right. I don't feel so odd now I've started.

Quest: Go on.

Nanny: So when he tried to force my lips open I wouldn't at first but the cunning thing pinched me. On my bottom. I said 'oww' and in a flash he had pushed his tongue in my mouth. He wasn't brutal or anything. In fact he was very sexy. He was playing a game with my tongue. I hadn't had that before. It made me quite breathless.

Quest: And Geoffrey didn't stop there?

Nanny: No he did not. He put his hand on my blouse.

Quest: On your breast?

Nanny: Yes, that's right. I was wearing this blouse and miniskirt. He put his hand on my breast and I took it away. But I didn't mind really, I mean it's not the end of the world or anything. So I didn't stop him when he put it back on again. But being Geoffrey he wasn't content with rubbing me like that, he had to try to undo the buttons.

Quest: And you didn't want that?

Nanny: I didn't like the way he took it for granted that he could. So we had this tussle on the sofa and my blouse came out of my skirt so he put his hand up inside my blouse so he got there anyway. There didn't seem much point in stopping him, after that.

Quest: He undid your bra?

Nanny: Not right away. He undid the buttons on my blouse and was stroking me there but then he kissed me and did something which really turned me on.

Quest: What was that?

Nanny: When he had undone my blouse he bent down and put his tongue down my cleavage. It really made me shiver. It was while he was doing that that he undid the clip of my bra and there I was naked. I was about to protest but he stroked me so carefully and lovingly that I didn't say anything at all. And he said marvellous things about my figure.

Quest: Well it is a good one. I can see that.

Nanny: Thank you. Geoffrey was pretending they were kittens.

Quest: In what way?

Nanny: Stroking their noses and things. You'll make me embarrassed. But it did make me feel very good. He was even nibbling at me and there I was with them going hard. That's very rare for me. And of course Geoffrey wasn't going to stop there. I was lying almost full length on the sofa and he was beside me then and so he put his hand on my knee and I wouldn't have minded at all and then, it was quite funny really, the telephone rang.

Quest: And who was it?

Nanny: Just a friend of Mrs Brown's. She just left a short message, but it made all the difference. Somehow answering the phone all bare like that. I felt she could see me. I put my bra and blouse back on and made Geoffrey behave. He didn't want to, I could see that.

Quest: You mean that you could see he was sexually aroused?

Nanny: I didn't mean that actually, but now you mention it I could see that that was so.

Quest: So what happened?

Nanny: So we sat and watched television for a bit . . . I knew that Mr and Mrs Brown weren't out for long. They hadn't gone to the pictures or anything, so I suggested that Geoffrey ought to go. But of course he wouldn't and then he started all over again.

Quest: In what way?

Nanny: Trying to undo my blouse. But when he saw I wasn't going to let him undo my bra again he tried other things.

Quest: What other things?

Nanny: His hand on my knee. He said I had very silky knees. I kept taking his hand off. He said I wasn't going to object before the phone rang and why was I now. That was true, of course. Anyway, he leaned me back on the sofa and kissed me again as he had been and we were laughing together. It tickled a bit, but was quite sexy and of course he put his hand back on my knee and I didn't stop him. I wasn't wearing tights as I was in the house and he just pushed his palm up and down my thigh. I had just done my legs the night before and they were all soft and Geoffrey said he loved them. He even kissed them until he began to get too high, but I enjoyed it.

Quest: And his hand?

Nanny: That started to go up the back of my legs and I didn't mind that so much. But when he got to my panties I could tell he found me very sexy. He was stroking my bottom and saying that I was so sexy. I think it was because I was wearing these nylon panties, they're very smooth and silky. They were a bit small and so they were very tight. He was running his finger round my leg where the elastic was and he was getting his fingers a bit between my legs. He was making me very turned on, I can tell you, so that when he brought his hand round to the front I didn't mind very much. He sort of wiggled his finger round the elastic and into me. He made me jump and wiggle. I get very wiggly and gaspy when boys do that to me. I get very passionate. He was getting worked up too. He began to push my panties down my leg and I tried to stop him but I remember him saying 'you'll feel lovely and free without them'. I did too. He made me open my legs wide and I felt so wicked. It was lovely.

Quest: Did you make love?

Nanny: Oh no. But he made me come with his fingers. He was terrible. I remember thinking if only the Browns could see me on their settee with my legs like that and moaning and wriggling. They nearly did too.

Quest: How come?

Nanny: We'd only just finished when I heard the key in the lock. Luckily my bra and blouse weren't undone. I smoothed myself up and Geoffrey kicked my panties under the settee. He didn't quite get them under and I remember you could just see a scrap of pink under the flounces. I prayed that they wouldn't notice. I would have died if Mr Brown had fished them out.

Quest: But he didn't see them.

Nanny: No, but I think he knew what had been going on.

Quest: Why?

Nanny: Just something he did.

Quest: What was that?

Nanny: I'm too embarrassed to tell you.

Quest: You've told me the rest.

Nanny: I may have been mistaken, of course.

Quest: So tell me.

Nanny: When he came into the room, even before he saw Geoffrey, he sniffed. I'm sure he knew what we'd been up to. But he was very nice. He asked Geoffrey to have a drink. Mind you, afterwards he questioned me a lot about Geoffrey. I suppose he wondered if his nanny was going to whizz off to Gretna Green.

Quest: And did Geoffrey become important to you?

Nanny: Yes, but not getting married or things of that sort. I shall always remember him because he made me do silly things. Or at least one silly thing.

Quest: Please tell me.

Nanny: Oh dear, I'm really spilling the beans now, aren't I?

Quest: Only in a helpful way. Tell me what happened.

Nanny: I met Geoffrey the following week on my evening off. He was working late and we didn't meet in the coffee bar till late. There was another couple I knew there, too, so it wasn't very private. When Geoff saw me home we had a little cuddle but not much. Then I couldn't see him for a fortnight and at the end of this time I suppose I was feeling frustrated. I remember feeling, well, sort of fruity. I was very much looking forward to seeing Geoffrey. It was the Saturday afternoon and we had the whole of the afternoon and the evening. I had a bath before and I remember putting on my pink panties again for luck. I almost always put tights on when I go out but suddenly I decided not too, this time. I just put my new white boots on. It felt a bit odd with bare feet in the boots, but it somehow made me feel very sexy. You see, I said I was feeling fruity. I met Geoffrey and we were going out to the country but it poured with rain so we went to the pictures. I was very disappointed. It was a war film that Geoffrey thought was marvellous, and except for putting his arm round me and kissing me once he didn't do anything. I was a bit disappointed. After all, I hadn't seen him for a fortnight. Anyway, when we came out we went to this Wimpy place and had something to eat and it was still quite early. Then Geoff suggested that as it was not even dark I should go back to his place. I was surprised because I thought he was in digs. I said wouldn't his landlady be there, but he said it didn't matter. It wasn't digs at all. Geoff had this little bed sitter. It was in this crummy block but his room was lovely. It had a gas fire and was very cosy. It was nice with the rain beating down outside and the gas hissing. We made some coffee on a gas ring and I sat on the rug. Geoffrey took his jacket off. He had this floral shirt on that was beautiful and I undid the buttons all the way down. I suppose it was because I was relieved he was paying me attention again. I suppose it was because I was pent up but as soon as we kissed and I put my hands on his bare chest I could feel him against me and he was so urgent, you know, that I suppose I knew what was going to happen.

Quest: And that was?

Nanny: We made love. It all happened so naturally. I protested a bit when he pulled my sweater over my head but he said I'd undone the buttons in his shirt. I suppose once he'd got my sweater off I didn't mind him taking my bra off, after all he had locked the door. He insisted on unbuttoning my skirt and taking that off, but he let me keep my boots on.

Quest: And pants.

Nanny: At that point, yes. But then he unbuckled his trousers and took them off. I asked him what he was doing but he just said he didn't want to crease them up. He had on these crazy pants so it was all right. But once we started it wasn't all right, of course. He was very quiet and gentle at first but the way he made my nipples come up must have showed him I wanted him. He got my panties down a bit but I thought it was all right if he kept his on. Silly I suppose. I must have kidded myself he was going to make me go over the top with his fingers. He nearly did, too. But then he drew back. He then tried to interest me in him.

Quest: In what way?

Nanny: In his winkle. That's a silly word, I know. His penis. He got hold of my wrist and put it though the hole in his pants. He made me hold it. It was lovely. I'd touched one before, of course, but normally a man starts moaning and wanting you to bring him to a climax. Geoffrey didn't. He said it was his toy, and I could play with it whenever I liked. Am I being silly?

Quest: Not at all.

Nanny: I'm being extremely indiscreet telling you all this.

Quest: Not at all, it's helpful to lots of people. Please go on.

Nanny: Well Geoffrey made me play with it. It sounds silly, I know, but I tried to bend it. It was all very gentle. It wasn't passionate or anything, it was just, sort of . . . playing.

Quest: And then?

Nanny: And then Geoffrey said we ought to introduce it to my Lady Jane. I said that would be silly, I didn't want to have a baby. He said I had misunderstood and it was just to let them touch, not make love. I was still dubious so he said he had a contraceptive somewhere. He rummaged around and found it and turned away from me when he put it on. When I had been playing with him I had pushed his pants down and now he took them off. I should have realised from that, but I didn't. He lay down full length beside me and we began all over again. His kisses went from head to knee. He didn't want me to take my boots off. He had pushed down my panties and said as he had taken his off, I'd better take mine off. I didn't object when he took them off, I suppose I remember how free I felt the last time. He was touching me with his fingers and making me wriggly again. I seemed to take a longer time this time but soon I felt slippery and damp. He rolled on top of me, not touching at all. You know, on his elbows and toes, rather like doing press ups – and he gradually lowered himself till he was just touching me there. It was delicious. He said he'd never done anything like this before, and I was glad because it was so nice. He kept on lifting off me and coming down again. I began to wriggle from side to side a bit and it even became a game because he tried to catch me before I moved to one side. Once the end of it just went in a bit and I gasped. I suppose I was as bad as him because he pulled away and after a bit I began to lift my bottom to him to do it again. And he did. He came down so slowly and whispered 'Legs wide, darling.' I did, even although I must have guessed what he wanted to do. It didn't stop when the end went in. I could really feel him. Then he collapsed on me and we were doing it. He wrapped my legs round his back and I had my hands round his bottom. I must have been so frustrated. He said afterwards I kept asking him to do it harder. I could feel him inside me going up and down and I think I shouted out. I remember him shushing me and I just had this marvellous orgasm, like floating out of the window. It was indescribable. Afterwards, we just crawled onto Geoffrey's bed and went to sleep for an hour. When we woke up, Geoffrey wanted to do it again but I was too ashamed.

Quest: Ashamed?

Nanny: I hadn't intended to let a boy make love to me the second time I'd gone out with him. I suppose it was because I hadn't seen him for so long.

Quest: And do you regret it now?

Nanny: Oh no, not at all. Men like Geoffrey are few and far between. I realise that now.

Quest: Thank you.

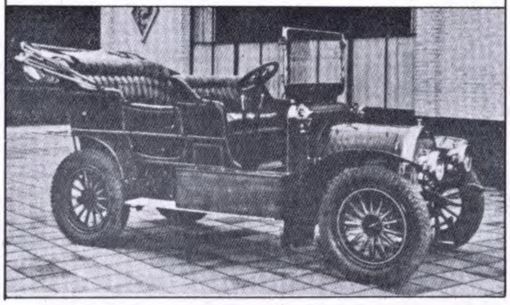
SURVEY SUMMARY

The girls in this survey provide a variety of personalities. The first interviewee, a dark and sensual Welsh girl, seemed to answer with great honesty. The incident in her home village appeared to be pent-up emotion. Her incident with the married man seemed to be in small measure an attempt to recreate the sexual atmosphere of the first incident. The interviewer reported 'a strong sexual current in this girl' and it may be that her hospital life was what she needed to create a balance between work and sex.

In interview two, the girl was recalling a happening when she was a schoolgirl. It had some interesting points about it, not the least of which was the ingenuity of the boy. He is much a mystery figure. The interviewer even expressed to the girl that he might have been a junior master not a pupil at all. The girl was certain this was not so. He was, however, remarkably adept for a schoolboy. This was the only instance of any Quest interview in this series where a girl admitted to have had sex actually in a school building.

In interview three, the nanny was a charming chubbily sexy girl who was enormously well thought of by her employer. The paradox of this girl was that although she was extremely efficient and responsible in her work she was almost naive in her conversation. It was almost as if the children she looked after had kept her with one foot in childhood. It seems possible that she would not have had a boy friend at all unless this young man had forced the pace with what seemed to us a clever confidence trick. Perhaps he is the lesson of this survey. Such girls as these need a little more thought to reach, but once reached respond generously.

Old innovators . . . the Spyker



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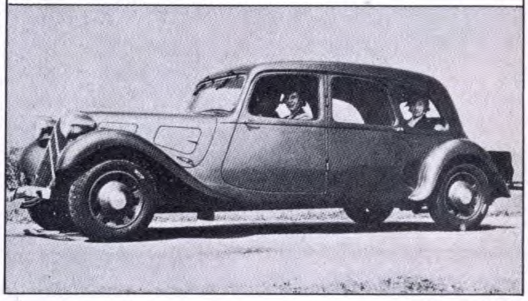


THE TRAD FAD

New traditionalists: the less than perfect Morris Marina

Modern motor cars are mass-produced in prodigious numbers by methods thought up by Henry Ford before the Kaiser took to plundering the better parts of Europe. As they spill from the conveyor lines you might think that individually they cannot cost all that much to produce. If you have never been over a big motor manufactory, complete this part of your education as soon as possible. Ford of Britain arrange guided tours of their vast and profitable Dagenham plant, for example, and even, I believe, take you to it by river-boat . . .

After you have seen complete, shiny new motor-cars rolling away to the dispatch bays, one every few minutes, you may well wonder wistfully about profit margins and why you never managed to have a motor factory in your back garden. Forget it. Cars make an astonishingly depressing price for their producers, which is why it is necessary to turn the things out by the million. The reason lies in the vast cost of tooling-up to make the complicated mechanical parts, and the enormous outlay required for the sheet-metal presses which stamp out the body-shell panels. Then there is the great acreage of the factory itself, with its multiple ancillary services, the rising price of labour, and the substantial profits expected by the dealers. So on the whole I would rather sell hot cakes, or even cold cakes, than such complex articles as motor-cars.

Mark you, that is where wily old Henry Ford scored. He soon concentrated on one model, the immortal 'T', which was about as simple an automobile as could be conceived. Nevertheless, because it was made of high-class steels and its design was the work of a genius, it served in almost any capacity to which a motor-car could be put. It went on doing so, simple to drive and durable, for decade after decade. Until indeed, 15-million had been spewed out. That was between the years 1908 and 1927, before the world was quite as car conscious as it is now.

The essense of profit making with motor-cars is to keep 'em simple and churn 'em out. The more simple the construction and engineering, the easier the things are to make and subsequently to service. The only reason we do not all motor on single-cylinder air-cooled buckboards is because salesmanship enters into the game and the too-simple auto either wouldn't sell at all or would lose out to better-contrived models. The very early Benz-based primitives had a 'one-lunger' gas-engine in their piano-lidded boots and drive by flat belt, a form of transmission borrowed from the lathe. Then more powerful motors were demanded and the single-cylinder 'turf-turf' became the in-line four, with water to soothe its power-punching pots and a sliding-pinion gearbox to adjust the speed and climbing ability of the vehicle. The Panhard type had arrived, and is with us yet . . .

The layout seemed logical to the pioneers, who had other more subtle aspects of their new-found motive power to grapple with. You put the horse or horses in front of a cart, so obviously the correct place for the engine was at the front of the chassis. Anyway, this was convenient, for the cooling radiator could then go in the nose, where the air swept over it, the gearbox would go under the front seats, and you could take a propeller shaft out to drive the back wheels, because these non-steering wheels were the only ones you knew how to drive, way back in the dark ages of automobilism.

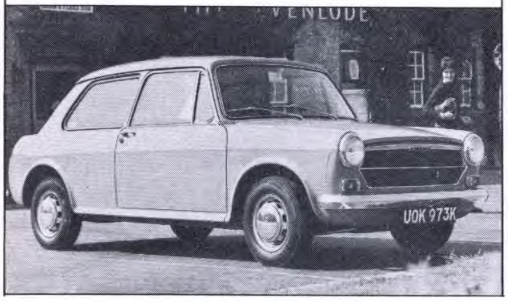
There wasn't much wrong with this theory, even if it drives Sir Alec Issigonis, of transverse-engine, front-wheel-drive fame, up the wall. If you wanted more power for going faster or for impressing the neighbours you could add cylinders, the Napier thus becoming a six, with the straight-eight not far away. The longer the bonnet the more imposing the resultant motor-car; it was only recently, with town parking problems and traffic congestion calling for good forward visibility, that six- and eight-cylinder engines were made in vee formation, to shorten them, although smoother running is also part of the bargain.

So from the turn of the present century until today, the Panhard form of car has persisted. It has been refined, of course. If a four-cylinder engine is still used it is mounted on rubber to smooth out its impulses. Its valves will be upstairs instead of at the side of the cylinder block. The gearbox was given synchromesh to prevent the unskilled from crunching the cogs and after a try at epicyclic self-changing devices, has either reverted to the synchro-box or is fully automatic and worked by obliging gremlins, eliminating both clutch pedal and gear lever.

The back axle continues to carry the driven road wheels that push the car along, although it has been rendered quieter by the use of worm, and later hypoid bevel, gears which also enable the shaft which couples axle to gearbox to be worn lower, thus reducing the height of the entire car.

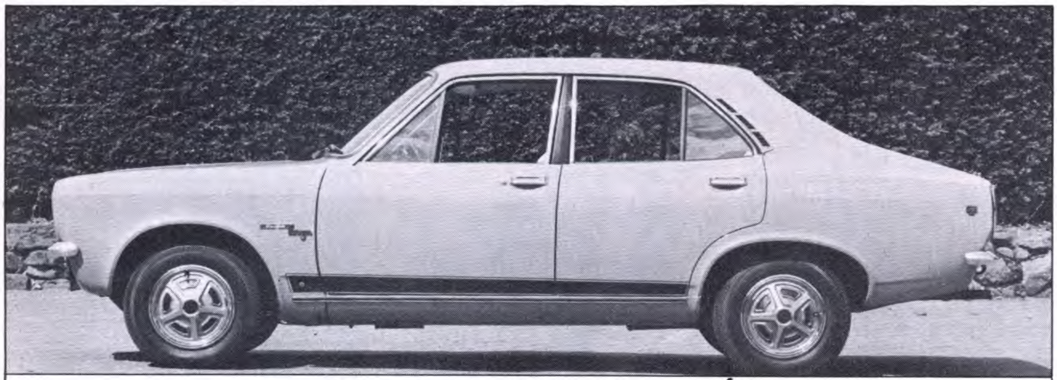
Why, then, if all this worked out so reasonably, did other permutations arise? Because there is a huge consumer-market for motor-cars the world over and to woo it the bright boys and the more honest and earnest designers introduced their variants. Like front-drive, for instance. The argument here is that a car is more stable, corners safely – fast, if it is *pulled* instead of pushed along. This is true, as

. . . *transverse-engined 1100*



. . . *and the rear-engined Imp*

Look closely at these well-known cars. Above are models of the past that were truly new. Below are two new ones that cling to old techniques. Motor expert WB says why



. . . *and its cautious rival, the play-it-safe Avenger*

Mini and Citröen addicts can testify. In America, Christie used a transversely-located engine to drive the front wheels long before the USA came into our war, and it was done with a conventional engine stance in 1903 by the Dutch Spyker concern. Citröen really got to grips with it in the mid-thirties and now a whole host of makes give us good cornering and enhanced mud traction via FWD. But it poses problems: calls for jointed drive-shafts, brings tyre wear and strong understeer in its train, can be noisy, and so on.

Why, then, not stick the sting in the tail, as Volkswagen have done so successfully with millions of beetles? Benz commenced that way! The idea was revived after the Armistice by cranky inventors in jobs like the odd little North Lucas, the Burney Streamline, by an airship engineer who persuaded HRH the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor) to have one – it gained even more but unintended publicity when the Prince had an unlucky accident – and the similar Crossley tail-engined monstrosity. For smaller stuff, it worked. The noise and the smell was wafted away from the car's occupants. The drive-line was shortened. Wheel grip on slippery surfaces was next-best to that of an all-wheel-drive vehicle's. There were, however, problems. The extra weight aft caused severe oversteer, especially as the swing-axle, which location of the power pack above it usually necessitated, gravely accentuated. Unless you cooled by air and endured poor internal heating and minimal sound-damping, where did you put the radiator?

Nevertheless, rear-engined small cars flourished for a time, Renault going nap on the layout and Rootes following VW when they brought out belatedly their water-cooled British beetle, the Imp. VW and Hillman continue to place the sting in the arse but the restricted luggage access and the impracticability of making an estate-car version have drawn more and more design-teams into the front-engine/front-drive small-car format. What has all this got to do with the Avenger/Marina axis? Simple. Both follow the conventional, the Panhard, layout. The 1·2-litre Hillman Avenger thus perpetuates a line Rootes, before Chrysler UK absorbed them, mainly adopted for their series of medium-luxury jobs bearing Sunbeam, Hillman, Humber and Singer badges. The cheeky Imp was the odd one in that nest. So when they wanted something easier to produce, to churn out for the fleet-users and the family motorists, they kept to the front-engine, rear-drive concept and made a rather Ford-like offering. I liked it a lot. I still do. The Avenger has a nice gear change, handles well of its type, and now that there is a 1·5 litre twin-carburetter version, it also goes admirably. Inevitably it is called a 'GT' . . .

The 1·3 litre Morris Marina aims to capture the same market. But after the long love-affair of Austin/Morris with advanced little front-drive, cross-engined, rubber-sprung scuttlers, the reversion to the Ford concept got Marina off to a stormy start. The unfortunate understeer that got the bigger-engined models recalled didn't help. But if you buy cars by the fleet or just to drive the family in them from A to B with no particular time schedule in mind, the Marina is in order. It even goes decently quickly in twin-carburetter 1·8 litre form.

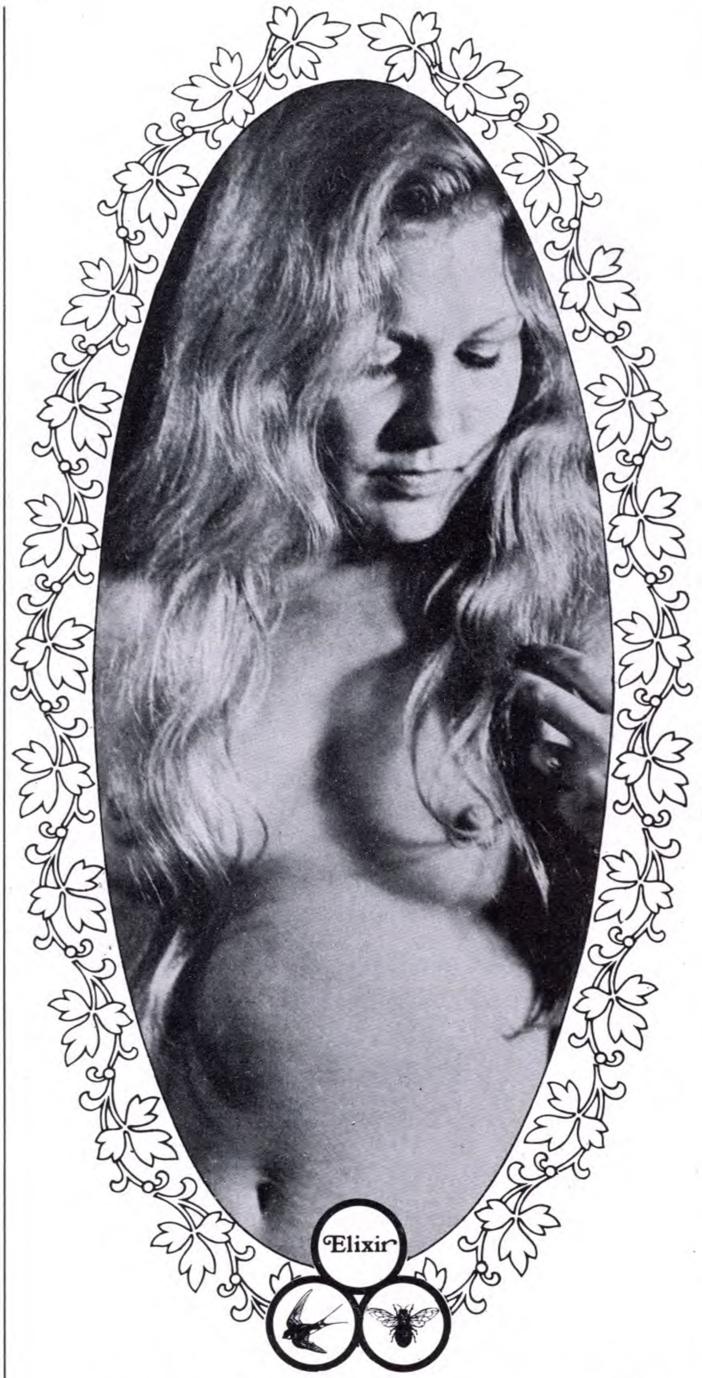
The Marina gear change had to be improved, the cable operation not being at all nice at first, and the provision of a three-bearing, push-rod, long-stroke iron engine is a bit of a disappointment from a corporation which knows all about overhead camshafts, for other cars. The use of non-servo drum brakes for all but the top-price Marinas is even less excusable. The back axle gets too lively over rough roads. It is sprung on simple leaf springs which the rude refer to as cart springs. But then so is the Hillman Avenger and so are all the Ford Escorts and you know how well Escorts go in rallies and races! I enjoy enormously the balanced fast cornering and road-clinging of a Ford Escort Mexico, so you do not *have* to go to coils and torsion bars to make a car sit down. But Marina is somewhat mean over tyre size.

If the Marina Mexico seemed a retrograde step for British Leyland to take it was because we compared it to the technically-advanced 1100/1300range of small cars that had preceded it and which, until the Ford Cortina overtook them, were Britain's best-sellers. If we looked a bit askance at the Avenger, it was because previous cars from that area had been in the luxury group, but whose sagging sales the new Hillman was presumably to avenge.

The purists may call both Avenger and Marina mediocre machines. I confess I once said I could never tolerate a car with a propeller shaft. But car fashions change rapidly and improvements to tyres, dampers, body stiffness and the like have enhanced the controllability of what we call the bread-and-margarine motors, so that they now line up nicely with the more complicated offerings, in the popular-price stakes.

After all, the best-selling car in Britain today is the Ford Cortina, which follows the age-old Panhard way of laying out an automobile.

So the Avenger/Marina axis cannot be scorned, and may well be the easy route to the top of the sales-charts.



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LETTERS

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sessions 3 or 4 times a week. I would like to meet Miss M.B. of Chichester and give her a practical demonstration to prove that the sensuous man is not just a fictional figment of someone's imagination but that there are a few of them around.

F.T., Buckingham Street, Brighton, Sussex (full name withheld on request)

I have been asked to take a series of photographs of a girl in nude and semi-nude poses. Normally I work in black and white and do all my own processing, etc., but for this project some colour work has been suggested. I would be grateful if you could advise me on the following two points:

Which of the makes of colour film (transparencies) is preferred in figure work for the most natural rendition of colour?

Knowing of the morality of some processing houses and also knowing that I cannot maintain the correct temperature tolerances for home processing, where can the film be sent for processing?

R. P., South Norwood, London (full name and address withheld)

Most of our photographers tend to favour Kodachrome or Ectachrome and submit pictures in both 35mm and 2¼″ format.

Your question will interest many of our amateur photographer readers who have girl friends or wives who like the idea of camera modelling – for their man's eyes only. Quality processing houses (like Kodak) will accept your pictures provided the girl is not posing obscenely or with other girls. Close-ups of parts of the body are to be avoided too if you want to see the fruits of your labour! (If the pictures are really good, why not send them along to us?)

Having read with interest the interviews in Quest concerning young men and older women, I was reminded of such an experience while I was a student at a College of Education. As I held a position of some importance I had occasion to attend a conference in Margate where there were numerous opportunities to develop such relationships.

I was only 21 at the time and, I hasten to add, unfortunately still a virgin. At these conferences it was common practice to attend parties until the early hours and I soon got the impression that the conference itself was merely an incidental activity to fill in time before the next social. The incident which I recall occurred during the first night after a day's extremely boring discussion. Perhaps it was this daytime boredom that drove me and this particular lady to such a relationship.

As I said before, although I was 21 at the time, my experience with the opposite sex was limited to frantic fumblings under blouses. However, she was in her late 20s and knew what it was all about.

She introduced herself as being a representative from a certain university and initially conversed on the petty-politics of such a conference and found we had a fair bit in common. As it turned out I found that verbal intercourse was not her only forté. We danced close that evening and her more than ample breasts rose and fell against my chest, her breathing became heavier and the pressure between our two bodies increased. I felt my hardness growing against her and tried to hide the fact. Her only reaction was to move her incredibly delicate fingers round my waist to stroke my erect penis. I could not believe it when she left me and disappeared out of the room.

I followed her into a bedroom where I found her lying prostrate on the bed, her blouse and tiny bra pulled aside and her skirt removed. All she wore was a pair of tiny black pants. She was almost at fever pitch, bringing herself on with a finger and urging me to bring her to a climax orally. Of course, I obliged and proceeded to kiss her sex, driving her to a great climax in which she threw her head from side to side, calling out obscenities and nearly crushing my head with her powerful thighs. As she cooled down she took me in her hands and then brought me off. In my wildest dreams I could not have imagined the bliss of her tongue and expert lips.

All she said was 'thank you' –

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we didn't speak again. Even for the rest of the conference, she never looked at me and appeared the epitomy of school-mistress dignity. To this day I don't understand – but the fact is that both she and I were at the conference as head of external affairs!
Alan Baxter-Bothwell, Durham. (Full address withheld)

You may be interested in a rather unusual experience that befell my brother-in-law a few weeks ago. At the time he was dating a rather attractive brunette and in an attempt to impress so that the latter part of his evening would be a success, so to speak, he took her to a rather fashionable club.
After a hectic hour or so dancing in the discotheque, the young lady complained about the heat and asked if they might go out into the somewhat cooler atmosphere of the cocktail bar. My brother-in-law agreed and escorted her off the dance floor. Unfortunately, the change in temperature had a disastrous effect on the girl and he noticed a certain glassiness in her eyes as they entered the bar.
Memories of boy scout training rushed through his mind but it was obvious that a fairly crowded cocktail bar was not the place to suggest loosening the clothing of one's partner to avoid an impending fainting fit. Events were now rapidly overtaking him and he could see that the point of collapse was imminent. Sure enough, his partner toppled over and his immediate reaction was to reach out and attempt to hold her up somewhere in the region of her armpits.
Alas, the young maiden was wearing a dress made of a particularly shiny and slippery material as well as being obviously bra-less. The result was that as she slipped to the floor my brother-in-law caught her dress, her arms shot skywards and she slipped straight through the garment and landed neatly at his feet.
He was left standing with a handful of dress. She lay prostrate on the floor, naked except for a pair of miniscule see-through panties. The whole population of the cocktail bar was now watching. My brother-in-law stood paralysed, not knowing exactly what to do or how to explain the seductive female at his feet to the watching crowd. However, the tension was broken when a polite round of applause broke out and with the help of an amazing number of bystanders, he was able to place the girl back inside her dress. By a stroke of fortune she had remained unconscious throughout the proceedings and on bringing her round with a bacardi and coke, he discovered that she had no recollection of what had taken place.
They left the club and I am pleased to say that the delights displayed at the public showing lived up to all expectations at a more private viewing later the same evening.
M. K. Birmingham. (Full name and address withheld on request)

One of your letters reminded me of a girl we had to stay recently. She had the most outstanding breasts I have ever seen. They were long and firm and stood out like protruding pineapples, in fact, I could never believe they were her very own.
It was one evening when I was converting an attic into another bedroom that my opportunity arose. I decided to become a Peeping Tom through a hole where the radiator pipe passes through the ceiling. I could see her quite clearly after removing a piece of loose packing around the pipe. After seeing her bathing I am now convinced that those breasts were real. To my surprise, after her final sponge down, she turned herself around and sat at the other end of the bath. She then removed the plug and started working her bottom over the swirling water. Her arms were stretched out along the side of the bath and sometimes they crossed to squeeze her nipples.
By the look of her expression she was really enjoying herself.
T.B. London (full name and address withheld)

Your Film Editor wrote recently that – 'some girls have erotic fantasies about being tied down and raped . . .' I am a Swedish girl and it happened to me three years ago in a very humiliating way. I still have nightmares about it.

turn to page 82

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